

ILLINOIS

*A Romantic Story
for Young People*



by

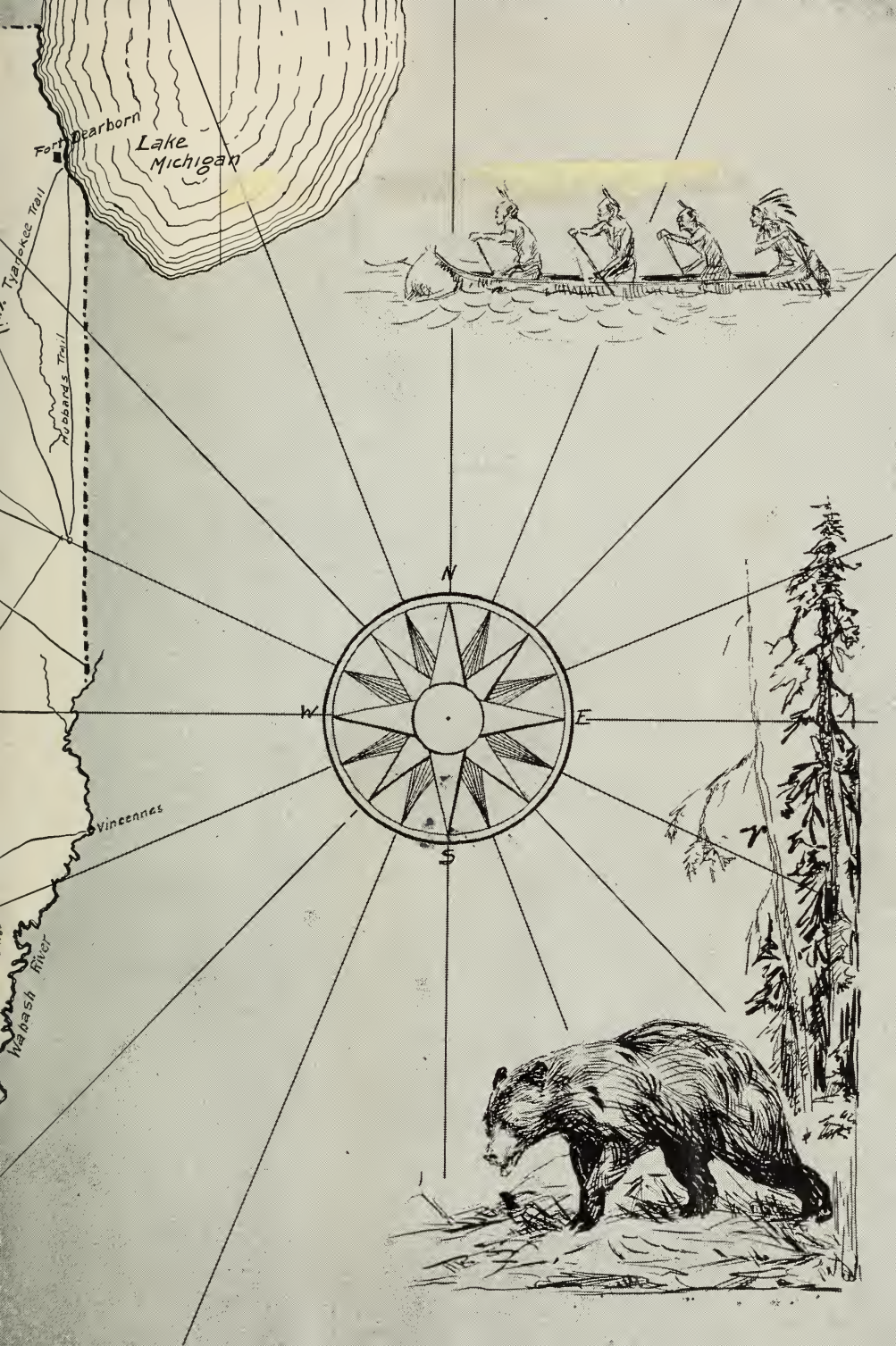
J. Walker McSpadden

Howard
L.
Hastings



9773
M24i






**THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY**

977.3
M24i

ARCHITECTURE

ILLINOIS

*A Romantic Story
for Young People*



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

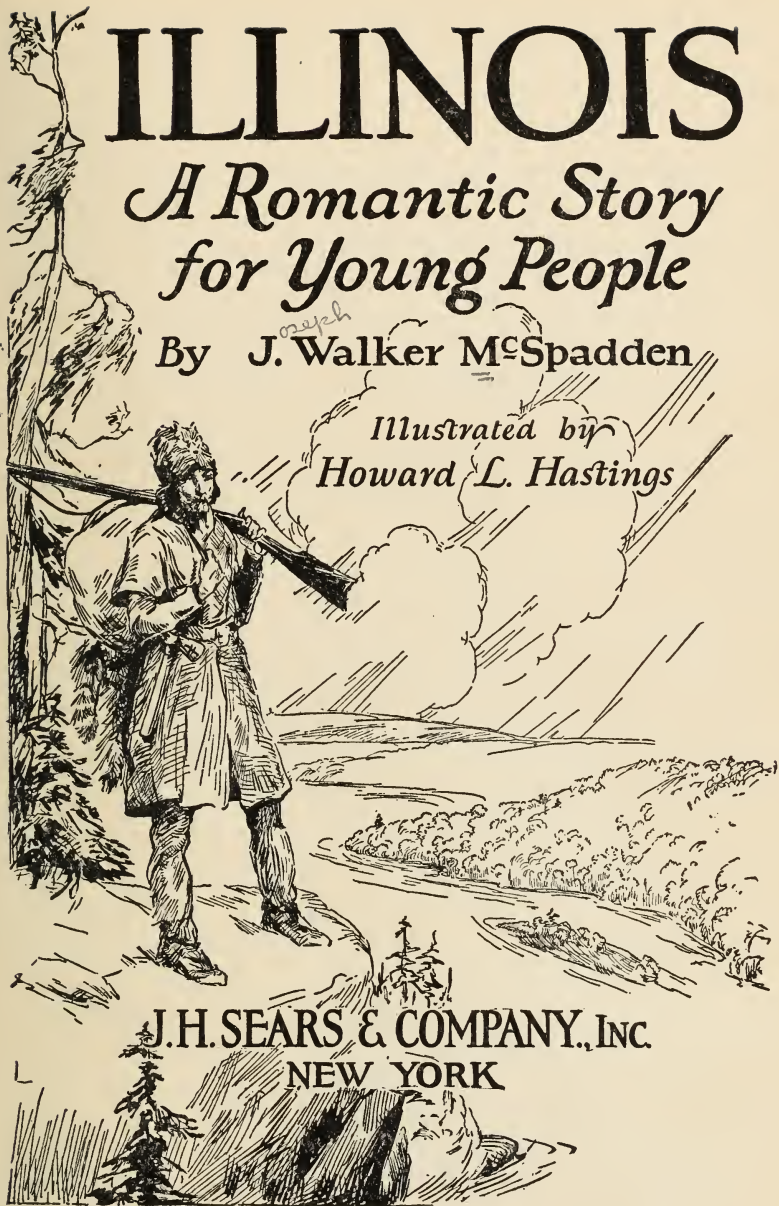


ILLINOIS

A Romantic Story for Young People

By ^{new} J. Walker McSpadden

*Illustrated by
Howard L. Hastings*



J. H. SEARS & COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY
J. H. SEARS & CO., INCORPORATED



Set up, Printed and Bound at the
KINGSPORT PRESS
KINGSPORT TENNESSEE
United States of America

977.3

M24i

FOREWORD

to

Romantic Stories of the States

Breathes there the man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said:

“This is my own, my native land”?

Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned

As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand?

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THIS series of “Romantic Stories of the States” is addressed to everyone, young and old, who is not “dead of soul,” as Scott so aptly put it a century ago. Most of us would resent being called unpatriotic, and yet how many of us know the story of our native State? How many of us have stopped to trace the colorful adventures of the hardy pioneer fathers and mothers who laid the first hearthstones in the wilderness?

If we trace the story of each one of our States back to Colonial times, we find that the well-springs of history bubble over with adventure and romance. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, as the reader will find repeatedly in following these tales of bygone days. And in the writing of them we have adhered closely to historic fact, oftentimes gathering the local color from some ancient volume which was published only a few years

after the occurrences—as for example, the narrative of the travels of the explorer himself.

In each instance the story is followed from earliest Colonial times to the dawn of Statehood. We enter the primeval forest or the pathless plain, and we witness, step by step, its slow emergence and transformation into a busy, thriving commonwealth. This book is not intended as a history, so much as a series of historic incidents, or sidelights which reveal the spirit of the times.

It is addressed both to young folks who revel in adventure and to their elders—the man and woman who hark back with pride to their native heath, although they may have been absent from it for many long years, and who want their children to know something of its rich past. To all such we hope the book will come with the memory-laden fragrance of a breeze from the mountains or across the prairies “back home.”

To still a third group of readers, this series is offered—the harassed teacher or librarian who is often asked questions in regard to local history. They know that while it is easy enough to get material about the United States as a whole, the occurrence closest home is often the most elusive.

These stories may be called adventures in patriotism. They are culled from a wealth of material in our heroic past, in the hope and belief that they will bring back to us all, whether young or old, something of the rich heritage which clings to our native soil.

J. W. McS.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. BEFORE THE WHITE MEN CAME	11
II. THE COMING OF FATHER MARQUETTE	22
III. LA SALLE, THE EMPIRE BUILDER	45
IV. THE FIRST FRENCH TOWNS	66
V. HOW THE FRENCH LOST ILLINOIS	76
VI. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK HAULS DOWN THE BRITISH FLAG	85
VII. THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY	97
VIII. THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE	108
IX. THE DAWN OF STATEHOOD	117
POEM, "ILLINOIS"	125
MILESTONES	127

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The Massacre of Fort Dearborn <i>Frontispiece</i>	
Indian mounds near Cahokia	11
Marquette waved the calumet or peace pipe	17
Occasionally he would have to carry his canoe	25
Thousands of wild fowl rose with hoarse cries	31
Joliet and Father Marquette	39
Robert Cavalier de La Salle	47
The men would struggle ashore	53
A third time La Salle essayed the journey	63
The cabins were made of logs	69
Their plows were quite simple	73
French and Indians fought side by side	79
George Rogers Clark	87
Down the current swirled the four clumsy flatboats	89
Every scout loaded down with game	93
"Go!" he said, with contempt in his voice	99
One man had to keep constantly on watch	105
The men united to roll the logs in place	113
Battles were fought at Prairie du Chien	119



ILLINOIS

A Romantic Story for Young People

CHAPTER I

BEFORE THE WHITE MEN CAME

I THINK it's a shame!" said Howard Ferguson, sighing dismally as he looked across at the last glow of sunset in the western sky. In spite of the beauty of the picture, he felt abused.

There were only six days left to them, out of the

joyous month of camping out. Every year for the past five years the Fergusons had camped on this wooded knoll near the mouth of the Illinois River, and they had come to love it as their very own. Howard and his sister Edna fairly lived in their canoe, except for those royal times when they went tramping and camping in the woods with their Uncle John. He knew every trail, every tree, and every bird, and it was like a story book to have him along. But now as he sat by their campfire after supper, Howard realized with a pang that Summer was nearly over.

"What's the matter, young 'un?" asked Uncle John, coming up with an armload of wood—though he half suspected what was the trouble.

"Oh, it has been so fine, living out here in the open like Indians—and next week school begins. I don't want to go back and live in houses, and cook on gas stoves, and do arithmetic sums, and——"

"Same here!" said Edna. "We're too—too civilized, that's what! I wouldn't have minded being an Indian myself, and living out here in the woods, three hundred years ago."

Uncle John chuckled. "I guess you would have found things a bit different then: no roads, no automobiles—not even wagons—no trains, no towns such as we have, no farms—nothing except dense forests or luxuriant prairies, through which the buffalo and other animals, big and little, roamed. It was a happy hunting ground for the Indians, but, sad to

say, they did not live at peace with one another. These lands bordering on the Illinois were the scenes of many fights."

"Oh, Uncle John, tell us about the Indians!" said both children, almost together, and forgetting their blues of a moment before.

Uncle John put a fresh chunk of wood on the fire, causing it to blaze up brightly.

"Where shall I begin?" he asked.

"Well," said Howard slowly, "why not begin with the tribes that lived right around here, before there were any white men. Weren't they called the Illinois, and wasn't that how our State got its name?"

"Right-o," agreed Uncle John. "The Illinois were living right around here, where we are now camping, long before the first white explorers came. They were really a union of six tribes, all of Algonquin stock. I don't know whether you can remember these long names, or not, but the tribes were called Cahokia, Kaskaskia, Michigamea, Moin-gwena, Peoria, and Tamaroa. At least three of them you can't forget, as they gave their names to important settlements connected with our early history.

"The Illinois Indians are described by the early writers, as tall and of fine bodily powers. Brought up as they were, from childhood, to undergo long marches, to hunt the deer on foot, and to rival the fox in cunning, they became skilled hunters and foemen to be dreaded. They were expert archers, and could hit a squirrel in the head, though it was

in the topmost branch of a tree, or bring down a buffalo on the gallop, a hundred paces away. They also used in war a kind of lance and a wooden club, as well as a tomahawk.

"They were said not to be as brave, however, as some of the fierce northern tribes, such as the Sioux, the Sacs, and the Foxes. When any of them came down from what is now Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, the southern tribes would hastily gather up all their possessions, and strike the trail for Iowa, across the 'Great Water,' as the Mississippi was called, or go further south toward the Ohio River. Sometimes, when cornered, they stood their ground and fought fiercely; but usually they preferred to fight from ambush, or run away altogether. Their houses were easily moved, anyway, and there was good hunting in any part of the country. All Indians were rovers, and their towns, so-called, were just collections of huts hastily thrown together."

"I thought Indians lived in wigwams," said Howard.

"So many of them did, especially in Summer; but in Winter they liked something warmer and more snow or rain-proof. An early explorer, Hennepin, says that they had cabins made like long arbors and covered with double mats of rushes, so well sewed that no wind or rain could ever get into them. These cabins were long and narrow, with room for several open fireplaces. One fire was allowed to each family—sometimes two families, if small,

sharing the same fire—so that from six to ten families would occupy the same cabin. But this was usually in Winter-time. In Summer, the wigwam, or a shelter made from poles, with skins stretched across, made as good a home as any of them could desire; and the cooking was done outside. There does not seem to have been any attempt to enclose their towns by fences, or palisades, so they gave no protection from the enemy if he surprised them. They trusted to their scouts to prevent this, and when a fight was on, the braves ran for a tree or log, or bit of brush, and fought behind that. I don't suppose the women and children were very happy, when one of these sudden fights occurred.

"That is probably why the six tribes banded together. Their numbers gave them protection, and the rascally Sioux would think twice before tackling so many."

"Weren't there some still earlier people who lived here before the Indians?" asked Howard. "You showed us some mounds once, and said they were made by the Mound Builders."

"I'm glad you spoke of that," answered his Uncle. "The mounds are the most interesting relics we now have, of the early people, and they have caused wiser heads than yours or mine to puzzle over them. For a long time it was supposed that they were made by a race of people which lived in America even before the red man came—a people that had a higher civilization and that knew more about metal-work-

ing than the Indians. Some thought that they were a branch of the Aztecs—the great race that lived in Mexico and built temples, palaces, and other wonderful monuments, covered with picture-writing, many centuries ago. It was thought that some of these people had been driven north, and built the earth mounds which we now find scattered through many of our Mid-Western States. But later scholars do not think so; they say that the mounds were built by earlier Indian tribes not very different from those living in America when the white man came. In fact, in a few mounds there have been found some trinkets of European manufacture, such as might have been brought across by De Soto, or other early explorers.

“However, the mounds are most interesting, and I want to take you to visit one of the largest of them, in Illinois some day—the Cahokia Mount. Of course, it is much worn down and grown over now; but originally it was a great square heap of earth about a thousand feet along one side—that is, nearly a fifth of a mile—and it must have been at least a hundred feet high. Think of the great numbers of men required to heap up a mound like that! Sometimes the mounds are in the shape of a pyramid; sometimes like cones; and at least one, in Ohio, and one in Wisconsin, are in the form of a snake, or serpent.

“Some of these mounds were used for burying the dead; but others were not so used, and it is not quite clear what purpose they served, unless used for the



MARQUETTE WAVED THE CALUMET OR PEACE PIPE

[See page 39]

chief's house or for worship. They contain many relics, such as bits of pottery, tools, weapons, and pearl and shell ornaments, telling us a good deal about how these people lived and worked. That the later Illinois tribes did not use the mounds for burial is shown by the fact that they placed their dead, carefully wrapped in skins, on platforms eight or ten feet off the ground. This was to keep the wild animals from getting them.

"The Indian trails, which once ran back and forth across the State, are another most interesting feature. Some ran east and west, while others extended from what is now Wisconsin clear to the Ohio and Wabash Rivers. When we get back home, I will show you an old map I have, which traces out those ancient routes of travel. Just how old they are, nobody knows. They were used by the Indians, perhaps, for many centuries. And, of course, the rivers were the great highways of early times. The Indian in his canoe could go in almost any direction. Occasionally he would have to portage, or carry his canoe. In this way he could pass from the headwaters of the Illinois over to Lake Michigan. But the Indian canoe was light, and two husky warriors could easily carry it. The first French explorers, Father Marquette and Joliet, came by canoe. And after them came the great La Salle, who finally reached the Gulf of Mexico."

"Oh, tell us about them!" exclaimed the children, their eyes shining.

"Too late to-night, my hearties," said their Uncle; "but perhaps there will be another story about them, at to-morrow night's campfire."

"There's just one more thing I'd like to ask about," said Edna slowly, "before we get through talking about the Indians. It has always seemed a shame to me, that the Indians lost their country—that the white men came over here and took it away from them."

"That is only partly true," answered Uncle John. "We must remember that there never were any large number of Indians. They were scattered, roving tribes that never did anything to build up the country—just hunted over it, and sometimes raised a little corn (the women did that). As a general thing, they were treated kindly by the white men, both the French and the English. The early settlement of Illinois was begun through the Jesuit missions—as I shall tell you about, later. The Indians were given certain strips of land, and were encouraged to trade with the white men. But unfortunately the Indians soon became dependent upon the stronger race for food and clothes. Some trappers and traders of the worse type taught them to drink whiskey, or 'fire-water,' and they lost their strong self-reliance of the primitive days. State and national reservations are still held for the Indians, but their numbers have grown small. To-day, there are but a handful of the Illinois. It is said that there were not more than 8,000 natives all

told, when Marquette visited them—so it seems no more than right that this great land should have been taken over by a greater people, who could make of it the wonderful nation we have to-day.”

CHAPTER II

THE COMING OF FATHER MARQUETTE

FOR a proper start to my story to-night," said Uncle John, on the next evening, "I must go back just three hundred years. You remember, of course, that the English made a settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, and another at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620. But our Mid-Western land owes its first settlement, not to the English, but to the French.

"One of the first of these great French explorers was Samuel Champlain, for whom the long, narrow lake between New York and Vermont is named. Champlain, like others, was keenly desirous of finding a northwest passage, or waterway, which would lead across to the Pacific, and thence to India. When—like Cartier before him—he sailed his ships up the mighty St. Lawrence, he thought that he had found this passage—just as Henry Hudson thought, when he sailed up the Hudson River. Later, when the French crossed the Great Lakes, and first heard of the Mississippi River, they again thought that here was the way across the new continent to the Western ocean.

COMING OF FATHER MARQUETTE 23

“Champlain founded the city of Quebec in 1608, and this was the starting point of later explorations. Because of his discoveries, he was given a royal grant, in 1627, by King Louis XIII of France, to the whole Eastern country, as far south as Florida, under the name of New France. Kings in those days, with a royal flourish of the pen, were ready to sign away a dominion of thousands of miles—provided the man to whom it was given could hold it! The English and the Spanish monarchs were just as generous as Louis—and over the same parcels of land. It was a case of first come, first served.

“De Soto and other Spaniards had already explored the South as far as the Mississippi River, which De Soto is given the credit of discovering. But no white man knew, then, where this mighty stream started, or anything about the lands which bordered it. Now that Champlain had received his royal charter, the French were eager to explore this country and to raise above it the banner of the lilies of France.

“In this they were aided by a very powerful society, which I must stop to tell you about—the Jesuits, or members of the Society of Jesus. This was a strong order of monks which for many years had a great deal to do with the political life, as well as the religious life, of Europe. The stories of some of the Jesuit missionaries who came to America are among the finest in pioneer history. They cheerfully went with the first French explorers and

traders, as they pushed across the West. They endured hunger and cold and weariness; their lives were constantly in danger, and sometimes lost. Yet they counted it as naught if they could set up a rude cross made of cedar poles lashed the one across the other; or carve the name of Jesus in the bark of a birch tree; or set up an altar of stone, around which the savages gathered, while the fearless missionary preached to them.

“Such a man was Father Claude Allouez, who, in 1665, founded the first permanent white settlement on Lake Superior. It is said that he preached to twenty tribes, among them some members of the Illinois, who first brought him word of the ‘Great Water’ to the west. The French were much excited at this news, as they thought that here, at last, was the long-sought passage to the ocean. But they found later that this was the name given by the Indians to the Mississippi River.

“‘The Great Water borders on the level land to the south,’ said the red men, pointing. ‘There you will find vast prairies where herds of deer and buffalo graze, for there is much grass.’

“Father Allouez was filled with a great desire to visit this country, and talked much about it to the Indians. Some said it was a friendly land, where strangers were welcomed with the peace pipe; but others, who were jealous of the white men, tried to frighten them.

“‘The Great Water is filled with monsters,’ they



OCCASIONALLY HE WOULD HAVE TO CARRY HIS CANOE

said, 'that can eat a canoe at one mouthful. And the nations that live along its shores are very warlike, and spare none.'

"Thus they talked to another priest who had come into the lake country—Father Jacques Marquette who, three years after Allouez had founded his mission, also set up one at St. Mary's Falls. But Marquette refused to be frightened.

" 'I would go if the waters were full of monsters, if I could but save souls,' he answered.

"And soon the way was to be opened for him. The other Jesuits and traders, on their part, had not been idle. Father Dablon founded Sault St. Marie; and he and Allouez made a journey from Green Bay, on Lake Michigan (which, by the way, on some early maps is called Lake Illinois), up Fox River to Winnebago Lake. This they crossed, aided by friendly Indian guides, and followed the upper stream almost to the head waters of the Wisconsin, which, they were told, led on down to the 'Father of Waters.'

"They could not go any further at this time, but they made maps. Then in the Spring of 1671, a grand council of the Indian nations was held at St. Mary's Falls. Here all the tribes of the northwest territory were formally placed under the protection of the French king. A huge cross was set up, and, by its side, a pole was erected bearing the royal arms of France. A volley of musketry was fired, making so much noise that some of the red men fell over. And thus the whole country was claimed in the name of France. It was an imposing ceremony followed by much feasting; and, indeed, it had an important bearing on the whole history of this country."

"But where were the English all this time?" asked Howard. It was the first time that evening, that either of the children had interrupted the story.

Uncle John smiled.

"The English were missing a big chance, as you

would say, had they but known it. Up to this time, they had colonized only a thin strip of land lying along the Atlantic coast. The English liked to build towns and live in them with some of the comforts of their old homes across the sea. But the French were born traders and explorers. They actually seemed to like to live in the wilds. And they earned the respect of the natives by learning to live as Indians, following their customs in many things, and even intermarrying with them. So it came about that they understood the red man and made him so firmly their ally that French was the only European language known or used west of the Alleghenies. With the start they had, it is strange that the whole Mississippi Valley, as well as Canada, did not remain a province of France. But that is another story."

"But weren't you going to tell us about Father Marquette's journey down here?" said Edna, as again the campfire was given more fuel, making the ruddy shadows dance among the trees.

"That is what I am coming to, right now," laughed her Uncle; "only you can understand it better if you know the things that led up to it. Here was this big, undiscovered country lying just to the south of them; and here were the Indians, some friendly, some—well, not quite so friendly—with their stories of the Great Water which led, no one knew where. Can you blame them for being eager to go?"

"Jiminy!" said Howard, his eyes shining. "I just wish I'd been there!"

"Well, it wasn't a picnic, by any means; but parts of the journey were pleasant enough.—Are you ready to start? All right, let's go.

"After that big council of the Indians and French, in 1671, Marquette grew more and more impatient to get started. He laid in supplies, got some good canoes, and asked questions of every Illinois Indian he chanced to meet. He also prayed, in his rude little chapel, that he might be permitted to make this journey. And as if in answer to his prayers, another man came to him from Quebec, who was just as eager to go as he, and who was just the man for the task. This was Louis Joliet—or Jolliet, as his name appears in the early records. One of our busy cities was later named for him. Joliet was a sturdy, keen-eyed *voyageur*, as such hardy men were called, who probably knew more about the wilds than anybody else. He had traded in furs all around the Great Lakes, and he had been sent by Talon, the captain, in Quebec, to hunt for copper mines on Lake Superior. Talon had heard of Marquette's desire to found missions among the Illinois, and so he sent Joliet out to join him, and establish trading-posts at the same time.

"The two men were unlike in appearance, as well as in disposition, but from all accounts made a fine 'team' for this work. Joliet was stocky, with black eyes and a black beard—a man born to lead men;

while Marquette, who at this time was only thirty-six, looked fifty, so spare was he, with stooped shoulders and thin, smooth-shaven face. He wore at all times a rusty black robe, while Joliet was clad in the rough garb of a trader.

"It was not until the Spring of 1673—two years after the Council—that their little party at last set out. There were seven Frenchmen in all, in two good-sized bark canoes, and in each canoe there was also an Indian guide. They followed the same route blazed by Dablon and Allouez, going by way of Green Bay and the Fox River through Winnebago Lake. Here they came to the Indian village of Mascoutin, where, to their great joy, they saw a cross standing. It showed them that they were on the right trail, and it also marked the limit of exploration. From here on, they were going into the unknown.

"With their two guides, they forced their canoes up through the shallow waters of the river—finding it in places so choked with wild rice, which grew up taller than their heads, that they had difficulty in getting through, or seeing where they were going. But their guides only grunted and pushed on. As they went, thousands of wild fowl rose with hoarse or shrill cries. A few were surprised and knocked over with sticks. So their larder was well supplied with choice game, without firing a shot."

"Um-m-m!" (This from Howard.)

"At last they found that they could not go further

on this stream, so, carrying their two bark canoes across the level portage, they placed them upon the head waters of the Wisconsin. For seven days they glided down this tranquil river, meeting nothing to disturb them. It was a land of mystery and solitude. Here they would pass by islands overgrown with trees; there look into dense jungles of undergrowth. Again they would come upon sand bars, where the river gleamed invitingly in the sun. Then the stream would widen, flowing out lazily between low banks, with broad prairies stretching out on each side, as far as the eye could see. And again they would pass under the shadows of some great wooded bluff, with a mysterious forest lurking in the background.

"They must have been thrilled with the joy of discovery, as they went along. They must have said to themselves: 'We are seeing what no white man ever saw before. What treasures may not lie here in this great land, only awaiting us to find them!'

"At nights they would pitch their camp under the shelter of some bluff, posting one of their men to avoid surprise, and then feasting royally on duck, or wild turkey, or prairie hen, or goose—perhaps a bit of venison——"

"Oh, say, Uncle John, I wish you'd let up!" said Howard, stirring uneasily.

"Father Marquette says that they had all the fish they could eat, too," continued his Uncle, wickedly.



THOUSANDS OF WILD FOWL ROSE WITH HOARSE CRIES

"All they had to do was to dip down their nets, and help themselves."

"Aw!" groaned Howard.

"Don't mind him, Uncle John—go on!" (This from Edna.)

"By this time it was the middle of June—the 17th, to be exact—when they came to the first great thrill of their journey. Here their peacefully winding stream suddenly widened out and became merged with the waters of another mighty river, so wide, as one of them said, that if a man were on the further shore, it could not be discerned whether he was a

man or not. This great current swept from the north to the south. And they knew, without being told, that here at last was the great 'Father of Waters,' they had heard so much about. At the point where they entered the Mississippi some later French traders established a post, which they called Prairie du Chien—as the town there is still called. Do you know what that means in English, Howard?"

"Yep," said Howard, slangily. "Prairie dog."

"No, prairie where dogs are found," suggested his Uncle. "And there must have been a lot of them there, in those days. We can picture the plains as being fairly honeycombed with their burrows. Still there were no signs of life, as they paddled out into this broader stream, other than the birds and beasts. At times they would sight a herd of buffalo in the distance, and these shaggy beasts would lift their heads and snort in surprise at sight of them. But the Indians, if there were any lurking along the shore, never showed themselves; and this very silence made the explorers the more cautious. It must have seemed strange, going for days and days, as they did, without seeing another human being.

"So to be on the safe side, they did not camp along the banks of the Mississippi, at night. They would pull up upon some sand bar, or small island to eat their midday meal; but at night they slept in the canoes. Thus they floated and paddled downstream for many leagues, with the bluffs of what is now Iowa on their right, and the rolling prairies of Il-

linois on their left. At times, another river would join this great central stream—one of these, the Des Moines, as it was later called, marking the northern boundary of the present State of Missouri.

“Still they pressed on, keeping a close watch for signs of natives, and one day were rewarded by finding a trail which came down to the water’s edge. There must be a village up that trail, they reasoned; but were they friends or enemies? Leaving their five men in charge of the canoes, Marquette and Joliet bravely started alone up the trail. After following it for about six miles, they came to a cluster of wigwams and cabins, and paused to give a loud halloo. As soon as the natives sighted them, all was hubbub and confusion. You can imagine how amazed these Indians were at their first sight of a white man.

“I have found an old book in which the priest himself tells us his adventures,” continued Uncle John, fishing a small volume out of his pocket and turning its pages.

“‘The Indians rushed out of their cabins,’ says Father Marquette, ‘and having probably recognized us as French, especially seeing a “Black Gown,” or at least having no reason to distrust us, seeing we were but two, and had made known our coming, they deputed four old men to come and speak with us. Two carried tobacco pipes well adorned, and trimmed with many kinds of feathers. They marched slowly, lifting their pipes toward the sun, as

if offering them to us to smoke; but yet without uttering a single word. They were a long time coming the little way from the village to us. Having reached us at last, they stopped to consider us attentively. I now took courage, seeing these ceremonies which are used by them only with friends, and I therefore spoke to them first and asked them who they were.

““We are Illinois,” said they; and in token of peace they presented us their pipes to smoke. They then invited us to their village, where all the tribe awaited us with impatience. Their pipes are called in the country “calumets.””

“As soon as the visitors had been escorted into the village, they were given seats of honor in the central space where smoked the council fire. And the chief began to address them in the usual flowery language that Indians like.

“‘How beautiful is the sun, O Black Gown, and thou, too, great warrior, when thou comest to visit us! Our whole village awaits thee; thou shalt enter in peace into our dwellings. Speak to us thy message, out of the fullness of thy heart.’

“And so, the next day, a grand council of the whole tribe was called, and Father Marquette, looking quite imposing in his long priestly robe, stood up and addressed them. He told them about the God of the white men, who was also the Great Father of the red men and of every tribe under the sun. He was the same Great Spirit that they worshiped, and

He wanted them all to be brothers. The priest told them, too, about Jesus the Christ, whose emblem was the Cross. And the Indians bowed and said: 'Good medicine!'

"Then Joliet stood up and talked to them in his blunt way, and told them of the mighty French King, who lived across many waters, and who would fight their battles and protect them; and of the profitable trade in furs and other things that he sought to establish with them. 'I come to you as to my brothers,' he said, stretching out his hands. And again the red men grunted and bowed, and said: 'Good medicine!'

"After which they had a great feast, and as a mark of special favor the Frenchmen were served with roasted dog—although it may have been prairie dog. Then the sachem, or head chief, of the Illinois stood up and made another flowery speech.

" 'I thank thee, Black Gown, and thee, Frenchman, for taking so much pains to come to visit us. Never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as to-day. Never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed. Never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful, as we behold it to-day. Here is my son, I give thee, that thou mayest know my heart. I pray thee to take pity on me and all my nation. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all; thou speakest to him and hearest his word. Ask him to

give us life and health, and come and dwell with us, that we may know him.'

"How filled with joy must have been the heroic priest's heart, on hearing these words. As the sachem ended, he took his little son by the hand and led him to Marquette. He then gave the Father another calumet, telling him it was a powerful peace pipe and to keep it. Marquette afterwards found this to be good advice, as you shall see. But when the Jesuit spoke of going on, the chieftain urged him not to do so, telling him that there were many and great dangers in the mighty river to the south. The more he talked about these perils, however, the keener was the priest to brave them.

"Father Marquette himself has left us a vivid account of his visit to these friendly Indians, and of their way of living. You remember I told you a little about them, last night; but I know you will be glad to hear the story from the chief actor, and to get his picture of life in the long ago. Let me read you some bits from his journal.

"To say "Illinois" is, in their language, to say "the men," as if other Indians compared to them were beasts. They are divided into several villages, some of which are quite distant from each other, and which produce a diversity in their language, which in general is like the Algonquin. They are mild and tractable in disposition . . . well formed, nimble, and very adroit in using the bow and arrow. They use guns, also, which they

bought of our Indian allies, who trade with the French; they use them especially to terrify the nations against whom they go to war. They do not know the use of either iron or copper, and have nothing but stone knives.

“The chiefs are marked by a scarf ingeniously made of the hair of bears or buffalo. Their faces are painted with red lead, or ochre, which is found in great quantities, a few day’s journey from the village. They live by game, which is abundant in this country, and on Indian corn. They also sow beans and melons. They dry pumpkins in the sun, to eat in the Winter and Spring. Their cabins are very large, and lined and floored with rush mats. They make all their dishes of wood, and their spoons of the bones of the buffalo. Their only clothes are skins.’

“Father Marquette speaks in high terms of the hospitality of these simple people. As the Frenchmen walked through their village, they were showered with gifts. ‘We slept in the sachem’s cabin that night,’ he says, ‘and the next day took leave of him, promising to come again in four moons. He escorted us to our canoes with nearly six hundred persons, who saw us embark, showing us in every possible way the pleasure our visit had given them.’

“Soon after leaving these Indian friends,” continued Uncle John, “they came to the mouth of the river which bears their name—our own friendly Illinois. But they saw something a few miles below

its mouth, which I am sure you would like to see now—only it is no longer there. They saw on the side of a cliff high above the water some hideous pictures, painted by a savage hand. The priest describes them as ‘monsters as large as a calf, with horns like a deer, red eyes, a beard like a tiger, and a frightful appearance. The face is something like that of a man, the body covered with scales, with a long tail ending like that of a fish.’ No one knew who had painted these forbidding pictures, which looked like a sort of devil worship; and the Indians themselves were afraid of them, and wanted to pass by as quickly as possible.

“They had hardly gotten over their amazement here, when they were given another thrill. Suddenly their canoes were seized and almost engulfed by a torrent of yellowish mud and driftwood; even uprooted trees were borne along by this new current, which swept in upon them from the west. ‘I never saw anything more terrifying,’ says Marquette. It was the Missouri River (as we now call it), the greatest of the streams running into the Mississippi. It made the whole current murky. Still further down they met another stream, this time from the east, and as clear as the other had been muddy. This was the Ohio, or Beautiful River.

“Below the site of the later trading post and city of St. Louis, the river broadened into an inland sea, its low, marshy shores overgrown with cane. Here they suffered from swarms of mosquitoes, which



JOLIET AND FATHER MARQUETTE

made sleeping at night a hard problem. In the daytime the sun was blazing hot, as it was now Midsummer and they were approaching the Southland. So they did not paddle steadily, but let their boats go with the current, meanwhile keeping a sharp lookout for the hostile savages and other perils, against which they had been warned.

"On they went, in this fashion, quietly and safely, until they reached the mouth of the Arkansas; when suddenly a small fleet of canoes put off from the shore, filled with young braves. They made direct for the two canoes of the strangers, uttering wild whoops, and bending their bows in readiness to shoot. Joliet stood up in the bow, holding out his arms, with palms flat, meaning 'friends'; while Marquette waved the calumet or peace pipe which had

been given him by the Illinois. Still the young men came on, and in another moment would doubtless have riddled them with arrows, had not some older braves just then appeared on the scene. These caught sight of the calumet, and bade the others put up their arms. But it was a close call.

"The older warriors now paddled up and held a parley, or peace talk, with the strangers, and satisfied that they were friends, took them to their village and showed them as great hospitality as they had found with the Illinois. They feasted them, and there was much powwow, or council. They, of course, wanted to know all about their visitors, who they were, and what they sought in this country. Marquette told them quite frankly that he wanted to go on to the great sea to the south. This, the head men told him, was not possible. The Indians down there were much more warlike, and would never let them pass.

"This time they heeded the warnings. They did indeed go to another Indian village, of larger size, about two days' journey downstream. Here Marquette and Joliet held a council with the Indians, and wisely decided to turn back. The Father says: 'We considered that we risked losing the fruit of our voyage, if we fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who would undoubtedly make us prisoners; and that we were not in condition to resist the Indians who infested the lower parts of the river. All these considerations induced us to return. This

we announced to the Indians, and after a day's rest prepared for it.'

"The place where they turned back was—curiously enough—about the spot where the Spaniard, De Soto, had first sighted the Great River nearly a century and a half before (1535).

"They found the return journey upstream anything but easy. If you have ever tried paddling against the current for any length of time, you will understand their difficulties. Day after day they struggled along, doubtless getting weary of the sight of the never-ending banks. Marquette fell sick and lay for days at a time in the bottom of the canoe. At last they came to the mouth of the Illinois River, and taking their guides' advice, they shortened their journey back to the Great Lake, by going up it. The country through which this river flows is fertile and beautiful, as you know, and in those days must have been very lovely to the travel-worn voyagers. 'We have seen nothing more beautiful,' says the good priest."

"Yes," said Edna, "we have been up it and down it, for several miles; and I am thrilled to think that here on this same river the noble Marquette and the brave Joliet came in their canoes. It sort of makes them seem like—well—neighbors—if you know what I mean."

Howard grinned at this, but his Uncle said quite seriously: "Yes, it does make them seem more real to us, instead of just names in a history book."

"Did Father Marquette ever keep his promise, and get back to see his Illinois friends?" asked Edna.

"Yes, but not until some months after, and, I am sorry to say, it may have cost the faithful priest his life. On the way up this river, they stopped at the Indian village of Kaskaskia, and there got other guides, who took them by way of the Des Plaines River over a portage to the Chicago River, and so on into Lake Michigan. Thus they passed the site of the future city of Chicago. By the end of September they were safely back at Green Bay. They had been gone four months and had covered a distance of twenty-five hundred miles—an amazing feat, even for these days. Think what it must have meant then!"

"Phew!" Howard whistled, his eyes shining.

"Joliet pushed on to Quebec, to make a report of their great discoveries, while Marquette spent the Winter trying to recover his health, which had been shattered by the long journey. Meanwhile, he preached to the northern tribes. But he had not forgotten his promise to his southern friends. It was not until a year later, however, that he attempted to return to them, and, strange to say, he set out just as Winter was coming on. With only one boat manned by two French guides they braved the stormy waters of Lake Michigan. They got only as far as the Chicago, when again the Father fell sick, and they had to give up their trip for the Winter. They built for him a rude hut, and the party sub-

sisted until Spring by the wild animals the two men secured, and a little food brought in by some Indians.

"When the Spring freshets flooded the streams, they started once more and came down the Illinois until they at last reached their Indian friends, who greeted the priest with shouts of joy. 'Black Gown has come again!' they cried; 'and all will be well.' 'They received me like an angel from Heaven,' says Marquette. But his illness had seized him again, and he knew his days were numbered.

"'Call your tribes together in council,' he told them, 'for I cannot tarry long.'

"So they summoned all the Indians for many miles, sending swift runners to them, with the message: 'Black Gown has come, and would speak with us.' Within a few days a great number had assembled—some say two thousand, not counting the women and children—and a grand council was held near what is now Utica. Here Father Marquette set up one of the first missions in the Illinois country.

"It must have been an impressive sight to see the braves seated in great circles around the little mound on which the slender, black-robed figure stood. He was a man sick unto death, but he fought off his weakness until he could tell them what was in his heart. And thus he preached to them again, until his voice broke. 'I must leave you, my children,' he ended, 'but I leave you in the care of the Great Spirit who will watch over us all.' And lifting up

his thin, white hands he blessed them, then went sadly back to his canoe. Again the shores were lined as he departed, but this time they wept; for they knew that they would never see him more.

"It was true. Back he went wearily to the Great Lake, and started up its shores. But he failed so fast that his men knew he could not reach his journey's end. They carried him ashore to a grassy knoll by the mouth of a little stream, made him as comfortable as they could under a shelter of boughs, and knelt sorrowfully by his side. And there, with a crucifix in his hands and a smile on his lips, he breathed his last."

CHAPTER III

LA SALLE, THE EMPIRE BUILDER

THE next evening was rainy, at the Ferguson camp, but in their tight little cabin, with its small but cheerful fireplace, they felt all the more cozy and comfortable. And besides, Mr. Ferguson, who could get out to camp only once in a while, was with them to-night, as well as Uncle John, so it was a merry party indeed that sat around the fire and listened to the rain beating against the windows.

"What happened next, Uncle John?" begged Howard, hardly giving his Uncle time to light his pipe.

"Yes," added Edna, "please go right on from the time of poor Father Marquette's death. I have been thinking a lot about him to-day, and I think it is fine that such men as he were the ones who first settled our States: they were friends of the Indians, and tried to help them."

"A good thought, little girl," said her Father. "We can be proud of the fact that the white men who first came into the Illinois country were always well disposed to the Indians. The fights that we

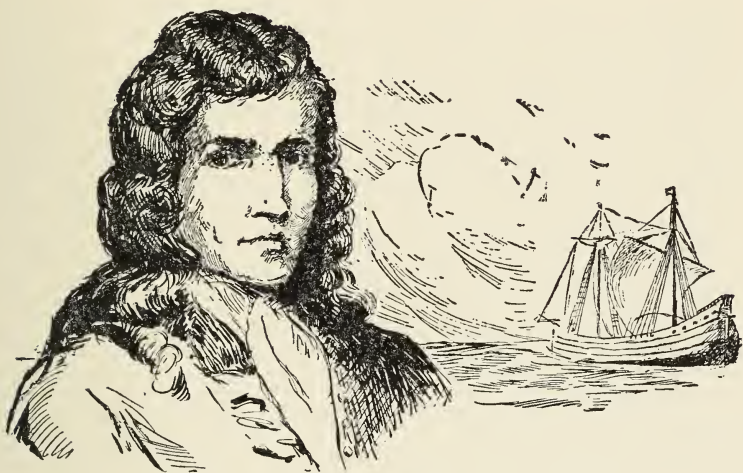
read about were between warring tribes of the natives themselves."

"What happened to Joliet after Father Marquette's death?" asked Howard, eager to get on with the story.

"As I told you last night, he went on to Quebec," said Uncle John; "and the ending of his long journey is tragic. The St. Lawrence River is full of rapids. He had shot no less than forty-two of them, and was within sight of La Chine, a white settlement, when his trail canoe overturned, leaving the three men struggling in the swift current. Joliet's two companions were drowned, and he himself barely escaped with his life. All his valuable papers and maps showing his long journey went down with the canoe. He landed with bare hands.

"Frontenac was then in command at Quebec—another of those brilliant men who helped to make the name of Louis XIV of France great. I wish we had time to tell about him. And there was another able man there also, a trusted friend of Frontenac's. His name was Robert Cavelier de la Salle. Although only a young man at this time, La Salle was a born explorer, but he was something more than this—he was a man of vision who saw a great empire of New France in these lands to the west, and who was ambitious to build a chain of forts along the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi, and thus hold the land for King Louis.

"The story that Joliet told fired the minds of all



ROBERT CAVELIER DE LA SALLE

who heard him; and the man himself was given a royal reception. But no hearer was more eager than La Salle. He made careful notes of all that the trader told, and drew a rough map of the whole country. Although a young man, La Salle was not untried. He had already won his spurs by a long inland journey ending, it is claimed, with the discovery of the Ohio River.

“La Salle was a man born to command. Tall, handsome, of fine presence, he was equally at home in the King’s court, as in the wilds. He was stern and quiet, and kept his own counsel, but had that rare ability of inspiring devotion in his followers, which led them to endure any hardship. And he was a man of broader world vision than either Marquette or Joliet. While one was content to found

missions, and the other to set up trading posts, La Salle wanted to establish an empire.

"He was only twenty-three when he came to Canada. He had received a good education in France, but had always dreamed of seeking the Northwest Passage to India. When he first heard of the Mississippi, he planned to follow its broad current to the western sea. He named his Canadian home, near Montreal, La Chine, or 'China,' and the rapids bear his name to the present day. Now that Joliet reported that the Great River flowed south and not west, he was all the more eager to follow it to its mouth—and he devoted the rest of his life to this quest, as we shall see.

" 'I must go to France and see the King,' he said to his friend, Frontenac. And the Governor, laying his hands upon the young man's shoulders and looking into his eager eyes, echoed, 'You must go to France and see the King.'

"I wish I had time to tell you about all the early adventures of this remarkable man, La Salle: How he first made his fortunes in this country as a trader in furs, and then sold his home, La Chine, to obtain funds to press his explorations. He never seems to have been a self-seeker, but was very often in financial straits because of his explorations. With him, his country always came first.

"He went to France and saw Colbert, the powerful minister of the King, and finally Louis himself. His mission was successful. They were quick to

see, with him, the great advantage of making secure the French hold upon the two largest inland waterways—the St. Lawrence at the north, and the Mississippi at the west, with the natural barrier of the Great Lakes in between. One quick blow now, and all this vast empire would be theirs forever. La Salle was granted letters patent and given supplies to begin this great enterprise, and in July, 1678, set sail again for this country.

“Another piece of good fortune was his, while in France. He met Henry de Tonty, whose name will always be linked with his in the adventures which followed. Tonty was an Italian soldier of fortune, who had lost a hand in wars in Sicily. It had been replaced by one of copper, and despite this handicap he more than held his own. In fact, the Indians later came to look upon him almost with superstition, and called him ‘Tonty of the Iron Hand.’ Between the two an instant friendship sprang up, and Tonty, on his part, asked nothing better than to follow this ambitious young Frenchman in his scheme of empire building.

“Arrived back in Quebec, in September, they found another who wished to join their party—Father Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan friar—and these three headed the new expedition.

“As a first step, La Salle built a ‘wooden canoe,’ the largest that the Indians had seen. It was a heavy rowboat with sides high enough to stow a good-sized cargo—ten tons, or twenty thousand pounds, count-

ing the crew. So it must have required a number of rowers, if they were not aided by a sail. With this they crossed Lake Ontario and went up the Niagara River almost to the Falls. Then they carried their goods above the Falls, and set about building a ship of sixty tons. This was completed by the Summer of 1679, and launched with much rejoicing and the singing of hymns on Lake Erie. It was christened the *Griffin*, and was the first ship to sail these waters. How amazed must the red men have been, as they saw this monster bear down upon them!

"La Salle's scheme, which seemed a good one, was to use this ship to bring supplies through the Lakes, from the East, and also carry back furs, and thus have an easy and steady communication with the home base. It proved him to be a man of foresight, and if the plan had worked, it would have made the labor of the explorers very much easier.

"The first voyage west was made without mishap. They crossed Lake Erie, went through the straits where Detroit now stands, on through Lake Huron and so into Michigan, coming to anchor in Green Bay. Here the natives, after their first shock of surprise and terror was over, crowded around them, and willingly traded their furs for guns, foods, clothing, and trinkets. When the *Griffin* turned back, it carried a rich cargo, which was to be exchanged in Canada for supplies. At Green Bay, La Salle bade his ship farewell, and started south on his own great mission. He had fourteen in his

party, in three canoes. Tonty was to follow with more men and supplies.

"Their voyage down the shores of Lake Michigan was not easy. It was getting late in the Fall, and the cold winds were sweeping across the lake, threatening to swamp the boats, and frequently drenching them to the skin. More than once a boat would be overturned in the surf—for they did not dare venture far out—and then it required quick action to save its contents. The men would struggle ashore, often so weary that they would throw themselves down, as they were, upon the bare ground to sleep.

"Taking counsel with his Indian guides, La Salle went as far as the mouth of the St. Joseph River, where the missionary, Allouez, had placed a station, and there built a fort, known as the Fort of the Miamis. Here he waited for some weeks for tidings of his ship, which was to bring much-needed material for the Winter. But none came, and they faced the Winter with starvation rations. It was a critical time, and La Salle realized that his only course was to push ahead, and trust to hunting and getting grain from the Indians. So, leaving a few men to guard the fort, La Salle and Tonty, with a band of about thirty, went up the St. Joseph, crossed over the portage to the Kankakee, and thus reached the Illinois.

"At last, near what is now Utica, they came to a good-sized Indian village, but were sorely disappointed to find it deserted. The natives were all

away on a hunt. The men were so hungry, however, that they searched the cabins and soon found some caches or hidden stores of corn, and with this they made quite a feast.

"Near Peoria Lake they finally came upon the Indians; they were of the Illinois tribes, the same that had been so friendly to Marquette. But they viewed these newcomers with suspicion. They had heard that the Frenchmen were allied with the Iroquois who were making war upon them, and were now planning to take their country away from them. La Salle told them that he was their friend and on a peaceful mission. He only sought to follow the Great River to its mouth.

" 'Do not go,' they said. 'There are monsters that lurk in the waters, and savage tribes along the shores. They will destroy you.'

"It was the same argument which had been used with Marquette, and again it fell upon deaf ears. But some of La Salle's men overheard it and threatened to desert. Besides, it seemed a poor time, in the dead of Winter, to try to go on. So they stopped here, and built another fort. But they had become so discouraged over the prospects—with no tidings of their missing ship—that this was called Fort Crevecœur, or 'broken-hearted.' "

"Some different," said Howard, as if to himself, "from roosting on the banks of the Illinois now—even on a stormy night!"

"You are right," said his Uncle. "And as we read



THE MEN WOULD STRUGGLE ASHORE

[See page 51]

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

these old records, it is hard for us to realize just what hardships the early explorers endured. To build a fort in the coldest days of Winter, and to depend in the meantime upon occasional wild animals that could be shot or trapped, or grain brought in by uncertain Indians, was no small task. Further than this, La Salle and Tonty had to keep up the spirit of their men, to prevent them from deserting outright. It is said that there was treason in the camp, and that an attempt was made to poison the brave leader; but fortunately it failed.

"With the first days of Spring, La Salle resolved to undertake a cross-country march eastward, to learn the fate of the *Griffin*, and to get supplies. The little party was split up into three. Father Hennepin was sent to explore the lower courses of the Illinois; Tonty was left in charge of Fort Creve-cœur; while La Salle himself, with only three men, set out on the trail to the east. It was a march of twelve hundred miles, through marshes and melting snowdrifts, across swollen streams and trackless forests. For food, they must depend upon their guns; for shelter, some piled-up boughs. It was scouting with a capital S."

"I'll say so!" said Howard, who was himself a Boy Scout. "La Salle was some man!"

"I think he was, too," agreed his Father. "This one exploit was enough to make him famous. But he tackled problems as hard as this, his whole life."

"What happened to the *Griffin*?" asked Edna.

“La Salle found that it had been wrecked—some said, by his enemies who were jealous of his great plans. His goods were stolen, or seized by his creditors, and of the fine cargo of furs which he had sent back East, nothing remained. A less courageous man than he would have given up in despair—but not La Salle. He obtained a further grant of supplies, organized a new party, and once more returned to the Illinois country.

“Again, bad tidings awaited him. The northern tribes had made one of their raids upon the South; and this time they all but wiped out the Illinois. It was one of the fiercest struggles that had ever been waged. Rumors have come down to us of an Indian battle, in which thousands of warriors were engaged. The Illinios were defeated, and driven entirely out of their land. A handful of them made a last stand on the summit of a cliff, called ‘Starved Rock,’ and there perished to the last man. The other survivors, with the women and children, fled across the river to the west.

“And this was not all the bad news. Tonty had disappeared, and his fort was in ruins. But this was not the work of the Indians. La Salle found out later that Tonty’s own men had mutinied and deserted him, after looting the fort of all the guns, ammunition, and other supplies. Tonty himself had to take refuge with the Indians, and it was while he was with them, that the great attack of the Iroquois took place. The brave Frenchman tried to make

peace among the warring tribes, but almost lost his life in the attempt. He was wounded and made prisoner.

"The wanderings and adventures of Tonty 'of the Iron Hand,' and of an iron will, make a story in themselves. After many hardships, he escaped and found his way to a village of the Pottawatomies, where he spent the next Winter. Then, recovered from his wound, he went back up the Illinois and across to the Lake, and there rejoined La Salle, who welcomed him as one from the dead.

"Although it was now Midwinter—February, 1682—the undaunted La Salle planned a new expedition, his third, and again his little fleet of canoes, headed by himself and Tonty, paddled down the icy waters of Lake Michigan. This time, they entered the mouth of the Chicago, going from there by way of the Des Plaines to the Illinois, and on south into the Mississippi. By the 24th of that month they had reached the Third Chickasaw Bluff, where they landed to hunt, and thus renew their food supplies. Here also they built a fort, which they called Fort Prudhomme—so called for one of the men who got lost in their hunting trip and never returned. In this fort a few men were left to await their return.

"Although they naturally kept a keen lookout as they went down this strange and mighty stream, where, the Indians had said, so many hidden dangers lurked, they had few adventures. Once, a band of savages fired upon them from a canebrake on the

bank, but they wisely refrained from returning the fire. Nor did they camp on the shores at night, where they might be surprised.

"In this manner they paddled steadily south, and the sun grew warmer as they reached the milder climate, and the days of Spring advanced. Finally, they found the river splitting into three great streams. A council was held, and it was decided to explore all three. Tonty was sent down one; another leader took the second; while La Salle followed the third. Presently one of the party dipped his hand into the river, to drink, and gave a shout. 'It is the sea!' he said. The water had a salty taste, indeed; and they knew they were not far from the mouth of the Father of Waters. This spot that men had talked about, and dreamed about, for almost two centuries, was theirs to achieve. It must have been a proud and happy moment in La Salle's life, after all his disappointments.

"The next day, April 9, 1682, his long search was rewarded. A few more lusty strokes from his rowers, and the canoes shot out of the current, flowing slowly between its reedy banks, out upon the dancing waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Then the leader summoned all his followers, and the canoes were beached upon the shore near one of the mouths, and La Salle prepared to take possession of the whole domain of the Mississippi Valley, in the name of his sovereign.

"It must have been an impressive sight. They erected a cross, and by its side a column, bearing the

coat of arms of France. In those days they did not raise flags, as they would soon be whipped to pieces, if left flying day and night. But a monument such as this might, and did, stay for many years. Then these hardy voyagers knelt in prayer, led by the black-robed priest, and sang a *Te Deum*, or hymn of praise and thanksgiving. And then their leader stood up, bronzed and bearded from their long journey. He looked every inch the leader, as his tall form straightened up, and he looked first out upon the broad sea and then up the river they had been the first white men to traverse.

“‘By the grace of God,’ he said, ‘and in the name of Louis the Great, King of France and of Navarre, I lay claim to this domain. It shall be called Louisiana.’”

Uncle John paused a moment in his story, to light his pipe. Outside the wind still whistled, and the rain beat upon the windows. No one spoke for a moment, until Howard sighed and spoke as if to himself.

“Jiminy! I wish I could have gone along with La Salle! Seems as if everything had been discovered, these days!”

The others laughed at this, but Edna, the practical, lost no time in steering the story back on to the current of the river.

“Did La Salle come back to Illinois?” she asked.

“Yes, after resting a few days, the expedition headed back upstream again; and doubtless found

it as hard and monotonous going as was the case with Marquette. Like Marquette, also, La Salle took sick—perhaps from malaria brought on by mosquito bites—and for a while his men feared that he would die. When they got as far as Fort Prudhomme, which, you will remember, they had built on their way downstream, they took the sick man ashore. There he remained for many weary weeks, his active spirit chafing under the enforced idleness. He saw so much to be done, and now he couldn't lift a finger. But at last he recovered health and strength, and went back up the Illinois, to the cliff called Starved Rock.

“Here he began the ambitious project of founding a colony and trading post. He wanted it as a sort of halfway station, between Canada, at the north, and the fort which he hoped later to build at the mouth of the Mississippi. It is of special interest to us as being one of the first permanent white settlements begun in our State.

“This place, which he called St. Louis of the Rocks, and which is now a State Park, was naturally fortified and by building a blockhouse they could make it strong enough to withstand a large number of foes. As its fame grew, other French traders made it their headquarters, until it became a prosperous settlement, just as La Salle had hoped and planned. He himself remained here for several months, and after he left Tonty stayed for some years.

"But the restless leader, still dreaming his dreams of empire, returned to Quebec, and thence to Paris, where he made a formal report of his great discoveries, and asked the means of organizing a still greater expedition and building forts in the South. This, he reasoned with the King and his ministers, would prevent the Spaniards from extending their possessions to the west, and would secure that whole vast country, called Louisiana, to the French for all time. King Louis favored this scheme; and perhaps the fact that the new empire bore his name pleased his vanity. In any event, he gave royal orders that a fleet of four vessels be placed at La Salle's disposal.

"At once the energetic explorer set to work, and within a few weeks the expedition was ready to set sail from France. There were two hundred and eighty men on board—soldiers, priests, traders, mechanics of all sorts—besides a large quantity of supplies for founding the new colony. They sailed directly across the Atlantic for the Gulf of Mexico.

"Still, however, La Salle's ill luck pursued him. All his life this was the case, and it is a wonder that he succeeded as far as he did. I have not time to tell you all the details of that ill-starred voyage. The officer in charge of the little fleet, Beaujeu by name, was jealous of La Salle, and quarreled with him. There may have been fault on both sides. But it was an unpromising start. On the way over, they were overhauled by pirates, and one of the ships was cap-

tured. The other three put in at San Domingo, with many sick aboard, among them La Salle himself. Much precious time was lost. They had started from France in July, 1682, and it was not until the following New Year's Day that they finally reached the western shores of the Gulf.

"Here more troubles awaited them. One of their three remaining vessels was wrecked; and they missed the mouth of the Mississippi, which they sought. It is not strange that they should miss it, as none of the party had ever come that way before—not even La Salle—and its exact location on the Gulf was still a matter of guesswork. Nevertheless, Beaujeu openly scorned La Salle, and sought to undermine him with his men.

"Actually, they were about four hundred miles west of the river, on the shore of what is now Texas. Beaujeu debarked his men and goods, and lost no time in sailing away again, leaving the little colony to shift for itself.

"It was in times like this that the fine spirit of La Salle shone forth. He rallied his men, and set about building a fort without delay. Hostile Indians lurked about, ready to pick off a stray man, or loot any supplies left unguarded. Likewise they feared that the Spaniards might march against them. This little fort and colony was planted on the Lavaca River, above Matagorda Bay. You can find its site on the map of Texas, though the settlement itself was doomed to perish.

"With this fort set up, La Salle realized that he must get in touch with Tonty, at the north, and find again the lost Mississippi. Tonty himself had meanwhile gone with a party down the river, in an attempt to find his leader. But it was fated that these two hardy voyagers were never more to clasp hands.

"We can picture the brave La Salle bidding farewell to his colonists on the little Texas stream, and starting out on his march, with a picked body of men,



along the Gulf Coast. A Louisiana writer, Mr. George W. Cable, thus describes the country. 'From Sabine Lake to Chandeleur Bay . . . stretch the Gulf marshes, the wild haunt of myriads of birds and water-fowl, serpents and saurians, hares, raccoons, and wildcats, deep-bellowing frogs, and clouds of insects.' The summer was hot, and many of his men took sick. They were forced to turn back, and later made a fresh start. Again the marshes and the desolate country to the north were too much for them. A third time the dauntless leader essayed the journey. This time they had obtained some ponies from the Indians, and they hoped to succeed. Indeed, La Salle realized that they *must* get through, if the little colony in the South was to live.

"But treachery had long been at work in his camp. The men were discouraged from repeated failures, and they preferred to get him out of the way, and shift for themselves. They secretly plotted against him, and shot him from ambush. This foul deed was done on March 19, 1687.¹

"And so perished, on the plains of the Southwest, one of the greatest explorers of this or any other land. Although still a comparatively young man—only forty-four—he had spent nearly a quarter of a century in making known to the rest of the world this great central region known as the Mississippi Valley. As long as the mighty river shall flow, will his name be associated with it. For thousands of miles, by

¹ See "Texas, A Romantic Story for Young People," in this series.

canoe and on foot, he made his way, braving constant danger and every imaginable hardship. With dauntless courage and a world vision rare in any age, there are few names that shine out brighter on the pages of our early history than that of Robert Cavelier de la Salle."

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST FRENCH TOWNS

THE next morning was warm and clear, at the Ferguson camp—one of those still days in late August when all nature seems asleep. However, the wind and the rain of the night before had whipped the air clean, while the foliage and flowers never looked more inviting. So the four of them started out on an all-day hike, a sort of go-as-you-please affair. They had sandwiches in their pockets, to serve as a midday meal, and they stopped in a little natural grotto by the side of a cool spring to eat them. An apple apiece proved a very satisfactory “topper,” as Howard called it.

It was while resting here that the story of the early explorers and settlers was resumed, at the urgent request of both Howard and Edna.

“Go on, Uncle John, do,” Edna pleaded. “It’s too hot to walk for an hour or so. I’m like the child reading the fairy story. I want to know what happened next. But I do think it was a shame that the noble La Salle didn’t live to see his colonies established.”

“True,” said her Father. “But the story of many

of these brave adventurers ends badly. You remember how poorly Columbus was treated in his old age."

Uncle John nodded as he filled his pipe. Then he began:

"La Salle did live to taste some of the fruits of his labors, in Illinois; and doubtless could have remained here and become a very wealthy man, had not his great ambitions for empire kept urging him on. But through his efforts, and others', the seeds of colonization were sown, and it was not long after his death until we find the first towns springing up.

"You will recall that just before Father Marquette's death he had established a mission at the Indian village of Kaskaskia, on the Illinois River. For a time this mission was abandoned, until Father Allouez came there and raised a cross twenty-five feet high, and summoned the tribes to attend mass. Later, through fear of the fierce northern tribes, the Indians moved their village to the southern part of the country, on the Kaskaskia River, near where it flows into the Mississippi; and the mission perforce moved with it. Thus was founded the present town of Kaskaskia, about the year 1700, or perhaps ten or fifteen years earlier. It was one of the earliest, if not the very earliest, of our towns. Father Gravier is said to be its founder, and soon after its settlement Father Pinet set up a mission at Cahokia. Not long after this, Peoria was founded, on the Illinois near the ruins of old Fort Crevecœur. Then other trad-

ing posts sprang up, such as Prairie du Rocher, and Prairie du Pont. By the year 1720, there were said to be four hundred or five hundred white persons living permanently in this country.

"That meant much larger settlements, as the French frequently intermarried with the Indians, and there was always a large number of the red men living near such towns, or coming into them to barter."

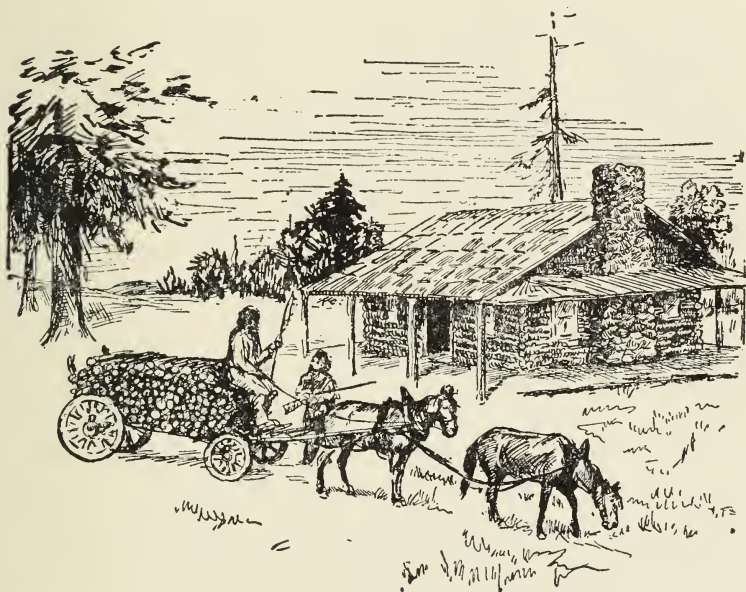
"Tell us more about one of these first towns," said Edna. "How did they live—just by hunting and fishing?"

"Far from that," laughed her Uncle. "They speedily became quite civilized and well-to-do, in their own way. You know, many of the Illinois Indians tilled the soil, and the white settlers found it wonderfully fertile. It was not long until they had fine farms, and many head of cattle and pigs. With the forests full of game and the rivers teeming with fish, these first French families lived off the fat of the land. And they had cultivated such friendly relations with the Indians everywhere, that they could go to any part of the country in safety. It is a pleasing picture that all the early writers give of the French settlements in Illinois.

"They built a stone monastery and also a church in Kaskaskia, in 1721; also a brewery and warehouses for furs and other goods. The priests themselves owned a well-stocked farm of over two hundred acres, which was worked on shares by the Indians.

At Cahokia they had another large farm, and they built mills to grind corn and cut lumber, by water-power.

"If we could look into the home of one of these French settlers, we would find a tight little cabin, of a single story, and usually of only two rooms, with a cheery-looking fireplace at one end. There were porches on all sides, as they were people who were outdoors at all times when the weather permitted, and many times when we might have thought it did not permit. The cabins were made of logs, with the chinks tightly calked with clay or wheat straw. The walls were whitewashed inside and out, and a row



THE CABINS WERE MADE OF LOGS

of these white log houses, with their vine-covered porches, made a very cheerful-looking street indeed.

"Inside, there was little furniture, and that home-made. The busy housewife, whether Indian or French, made garments out of skins, and also used heavy pelts such as buffalo skins for blankets. At this time there were no looms of any sort. When they had woolen or cotton garments, the cloth was brought in by traders. But the skins of wild animals were so plentiful that they got along very well. Both the men and the women wore moccasins, like the Indians. In Summer the men wore cotton shirts and deerskin trousers; in winter, a long fur coat, with a cap attached, which was pulled up over their head and kept their ears warm. The women dressed quite simply, in wool or cotton, when they could get it, and blue was their favorite color.

"Their everyday life was almost as simple as that of their red neighbors. Indeed, it has been charged against the French that too often they descended to the level of the red man, instead of lifting him up to a higher plane. The French had a community system in their towns—that is, they shared many things in common. We do not find them living alone in widely scattered houses, but close together in villages or towns. This was both because they were socially inclined, and also for protection against possible roving bands of Indians who, however friendly, were apt to steal things.

"At the edge of the village there were two tracts of land—a 'common field' and a 'common.' The first was a field of perhaps several hundred acres, fenced in by a 'galloping' rail fence, or one of stumps or brush. It belonged to the whole village, but each family had its own section carefully marked off from the rest. Here grew in profusion wheat, barley, maize or Indian corn, squash, pumpkins, beans, potatoes, and other vegetables. Much of this was stored in the Winter in little dugouts covered with earth, the corn and wheat being ground at the village mill.

"The second public field, or 'common,' was a still larger tract, on which all the cows, horses, or pigs might roam at large. The live stock of each owner had his own mark. Wood for building and for fuel was also obtained from this 'common.'

"Some pleasant customs were observed in these settlements. If the head of a family were sick or absent, his household never suffered want. Their neighbors tilled their land for them, and gladly shared their own food. The sick were always cared for, and there were no paupers. At weddings and parties, the music and dancing lasted far into the night; and at funerals the whole village would mourn. The village, indeed, was very like one large family.

"A little later we find that negroes were brought up the river for labor, and that the French were rapidly outgrowing their simple ways of living; for

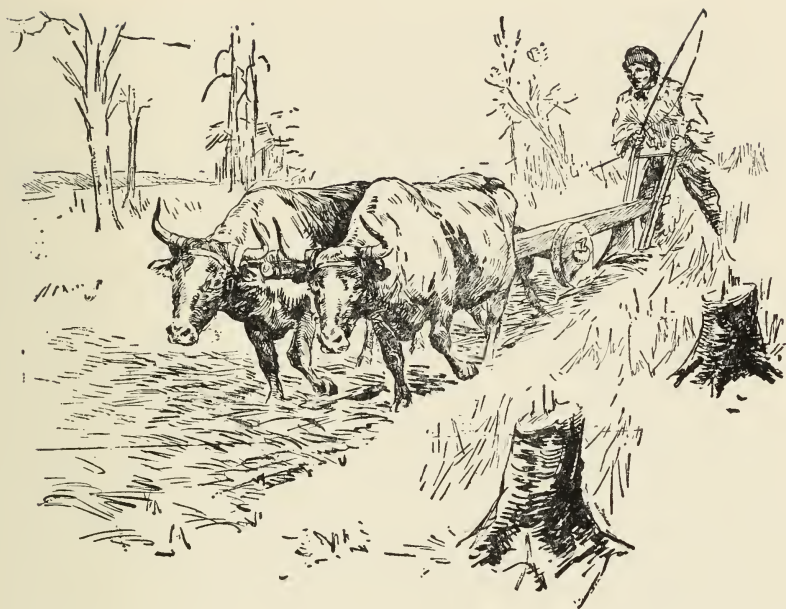
in 1750, Father Vivier, a missionary, has this to say——let me see.”

At this point Uncle John drew a small book from his pocket, and read as follows:

“‘There are five French villages, and three villages of the natives, within a space of twenty-one leagues, situated between the Mississippi and another river called Kaskaskia. In the five French villages are perhaps eleven hundred whites, three hundred blacks, and some sixty red servants, or savages. The three Illinois towns,’ (that is, Indian villages) ‘do not contain more than eight hundred souls, all told. Most of the French till the soil. They raise wheat, cattle, pigs, and horses, and live like princes. Three times as much is produced as can be consumed; and great quantities of grain and flour are sent to New Orleans.’”

“How did they work the ground?” asked Howard. “Did they have plows and other tools such as we have?”

“No,” answered his Uncle. “Their plows were quite simple contrivances of wood, made by fastening a heavy, sharp stick to the under side of a beam; and this was drawn by oxen or horses. Their hoes and rakes were also of wood, and would seem very clumsy to us. They built two-wheeled carts without a particle of iron in them. They had no churns, so they made butter by putting the milk in a large crock or bottle, and shaking it. A little later on, traveling workmen began to come through the



THEIR PLOWS WERE QUITE SIMPLE

country, such as stone-masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths; and better tools, furniture, and houses began to appear. They also built stanch flatboats, in which to convey their goods down the river to New Orleans, the town near its mouth which so soon became a great trading center, just as La Salle must have dreamed. Back upstream they brought many luxuries—cotton, sugar, rice, tea, coffee, wines, and silks and velvets from France. So you see that within the first fifty years after those crude settlements were carved out of the wilderness, they began to have 'all the comforts of home.'

"There was still another reason for the prosperity of this new land. Reports had reached France of the wonderful resources of Louisiana, as this whole section was then called, and it was also said that there were gold and silver to be found here. So French companies under royal charter were sent up the Mississippi to mine the precious metals. One such was under the command of Crozat, who failed in his attempt, and gave up his charter in 1717. His failure did not discourage a second attempt, made by a 'Company of the West'—a high-sounding organization which was to have control over everything—mines, trading, and government. At its head was one of the most famous swindlers of history, John Law, who opened an office in Paris, under government approval, and sold stock in the new concern at amazing prices. This rage for speculation came to be called the 'Mississippi Bubble,' after it had suddenly burst and ruined many thousands of people.

"The Company, however, was a benefit to Illinois, as well as other colonies, while it lasted. It brought into the country skilled workmen of all sorts. Many who had come over to mine gold remained to till the soil, and thus found its real hidden treasure. Better still, a strong central fort was built between Kaskaskia and Cahokia. It was called Fort Chartres, and large storehouses were built, and here Boisbriant, the first local governor, established his headquarters. This was in 1718, and marks the first

attempt to set up a capital in Illinois. Because of its being the seat of government and a central trading point, the new town soon sprang into prominence; and in place of the old saying, 'All roads lead to Rome,' they said, 'All roads lead to Fort Chartres.' "

CHAPTER V

HOW THE FRENCH LOST ILLINOIS

A GAIN the evening campfire gleamed in the stone fireplace outside the Ferguson cabin. Supper was over, and the dishes and pans cleaned and put away. Then Uncle John resumed his story.

"We left off, I believe," he said, "with the French settlers thriving and happy in Illinois. Seemingly the country was theirs forever. However, things were shaping themselves in the East, which were soon to disturb their peaceful possession.

"At this time—1750—the French laid claim to the whole of Canada, and the Mississippi Valley, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. But the English had not been idle. Already, one English ship had ventured up the Mississippi, and English scouts and traders were crossing the Alleghenies and entering the Ohio country. It was only a question of time, and a short time at that, when the two nations should come to blows.

"The actual beginning of hostilities was in the year 1752, when the French burned down the first trading post established by the English to the west

of the Alleghenies. For the next ten years things were squally for the colonists and Indians alike. The French and Indians fought side by side, although the red men were sometimes puzzled as to what it was all about. As one chief said, when he learned that the fighting was to decide whether the French or the English should own the land: 'Where lie the *Indian* lands? For the French claim all on one side of the river, and the English all on the other!'

"At the beginning of hostilities, the Governor of Virginia sent a young surveyor, George Washington, to report on the activities of the French in building forts in the disputed territory. Washington found the situation so alarming, that steps were taken at once to build a fort on the Allegheny River. While it was being built, the French and Indians appeared in force, drove the English away, and finished the fort themselves, which they called Fort Du Quesne.¹

"Meanwhile, the French commander in Illinois at Fort Chartres began to prepare for the war, which he saw was imminent. He had the log bastions of the fort removed and replaced with stone. The new walls rose eighteen feet high, and enclosed a tract of four acres. Here were housed ammunition and supplies of all kinds, to outfit an army or withstand a siege. It was said to be one of the strongest forts

¹ Pronounced "Du Kane." For further stories see "Pennsylvania" and "Ohio" in this series.

in America. And these two I have mentioned were only a sample of the activity of the French in all parts of the New World, from Quebec as far south as New Orleans. It would seem to have been impossible for the English to win against them, especially with the natives lurking in every thicket to aid the French.

"At first, in fact, the English fared badly. One of their first and bitterest defeats was that of Braddock, in 1755, when that stubborn British officer tried to mass his troops in the open, instead of fighting Indian fashion. Here it was that the young Virginia officer, Washington, again distinguished himself. In succeeding years, the British aided by the Americans 'found themselves.' One by one the great fortresses in the East fell, until at last Quebec itself yielded to the English arms. It was a crushing blow to the French colonists, as well as to the mother country, to see these vast possessions, for which they had toiled for two centuries, swept away.

"As the war had been waged in the East and in Canada, the French colonists at first thought that they would lose only Canada, and that Louisiana (or the whole central territory) would be left to them. Accordingly, many of them came to Fort Chartres and the Illinois country. And sore was their grief to learn that by the treaty of peace signed between France and England, in 1763, all the territory lying to the east of the Mississippi, except New Orleans,



FRENCH AND INDIANS FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE

[See page 77]

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

was ceded to the English. This, of course, included Illinois.

"One stumbling block, however, remained for the English, as they came to take possession of the forts to the west. And that stumbling block was a fierce and relentless savage warrior, Pontiac. He was one of the ablest leaders of his time, and called himself king. He gathered around him many tribes, which he ruled by fear. Now he appeared in the Illinois country, ordering all the tribes here to join him in a war of extermination against the English. When they hesitated, he said: 'Hold not back, lest I destroy you as fire does the prairie grass. Listen and give heed, that these are the words of Pontiac!'

"The exploits of this chief form a story in themselves, which at some other time I may tell you.¹ Pontiac marched east, and by cunning and treachery surprised one English fort after another, cruelly butchering the inmates. A separate treaty of peace had to be negotiated with the Indians, in 1764, but Pontiac still held out. He returned to Fort Chartres and reported to its French commander, St. Ange: 'Father, I have long wished to see you, to recall the battles which we fought together against the misguided Indians and the English dogs. I love the French, and have come here with my warriors to avenge their wrongs.' But the French commander bade him put away his weapons,

¹ See "Michigan, a Romantic Story for Young People."

and learn to live in peace with the English, as the French were doing. Pontiac, however, still hated the English, even while openly professing friendship with them. He plotted more treachery, and tried to enlist the Illinois in a new war. He continued active till a Kaskaskia Indian, who was a true friend of the English, surprised his plot and slew Pontiac by driving a knife into his heart.

“As soon as the English took over Fort Chartres and the other French towns, their commander, Captain Sterling, made haste to reassure the settlers as to the peaceful intentions of his king. ‘His Majesty’—so ran the proclamation—‘grants to the inhabitants of the Illinois the liberty of the Catholic religion, as it has already been granted to his subjects in Canada.’ And the decree went on to say that if any did not wish to live here under the English government, they might ‘retire in full safety and freedom wherever they please, even to New Orleans, or any other part of Louisiana.’ Further it was proclaimed: ‘That those who choose to retain their lands and become subjects of his Majesty, shall enjoy the same rights and privileges, the same security for their persons and effects, and the liberty of trade, as the old subjects of the King (of France).’

“Many French families, wishing to remain under the lilies of France, did embark their possessions on boats and go south to New Orleans. But in their stead other settlers of English stock came in, so that

the population of Illinois showed little change as to numbers for some years."

Uncle John paused, and the little group was silent for a minute or two. Then he noticed that Edna sat with a puzzled line on her brow.

"What is it, youngster?" he asked.

"Why—I'm still thinking about the Indians," she confessed. "I know that Pontiac was a cruel savage; but it doesn't seem right that the French and English between them should take all their land away—just like that old chief said!"

"Wait a minute," said Uncle John. When he returned, he brought his little book with him, and put a piece of dry wood on the fire, so that it blazed up brightly.

"Here is another old paper, which answers your question," he said. "The English themselves found that if they wished to remain on friendly terms with the Indians, they must respect their rights. This proclamation is dated the 7th day of October, 1763, and in it the English king declared that no governor or other commander should issue grants to 'any lands whatever which, not having been ceded to or purchased by us, are reserved by the Indians.' The document goes on to defend the Indians from further frauds or abuses, and says that 'if at any time any of the Indians should be inclined to dispose of the said lands, the same shall be purchased for us only in our name, at some public meeting or assembly of the said Indians.'

“This proclamation,” said Uncle John, laying down his book, “did much to allay the distrust of the Indians; and when they found later that they could trade as freely with the English as with the French, they became more reconciled to the change. But the English never quite understood them as well as the French who had lived with them on equal terms.”

CHAPTER VI

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK HAULS DOWN THE BRITISH FLAG

THE people of Illinois saw very little of the English soldiers, or of English rule," continued Uncle John. "As a matter of fact, the Union Jack flew over this country for only thirteen years. It was an unlucky thirteen for them.

"You see, they did not come in and take formal possession until 1765—only ten years before the Revolution broke out—and those ten years were a time of restlessness on both sides. England wanted to make peace with the old French element, as we have just seen, and she wanted to attract other English and American settlers, too. But the trouble was, she wanted to do things in her own way, and govern from across the sea, and this the liberty-loving people did not like. Some of them petitioned for a charter like that of Connecticut, which would allow them to have their own courts and local magistrates; but their petition was refused. Instead, a military form of government was set up which pleased nobody, not even the London ministers, and

three or four officers ruled in succession, with varied success.

"In 1772 the much-boasted stronghold of Fort Chartres had to be abandoned. A secret enemy had been at work and undermined its walls—this enemy being the Father of Waters himself. As the mighty current of the river swept around, it had gradually cut away the bank, until the great sixteen-foot walls threatened to tumble in, and did do so later. So the English garrison and officials were transferred inland to Kaskaskia, which thus became the colonial capital."

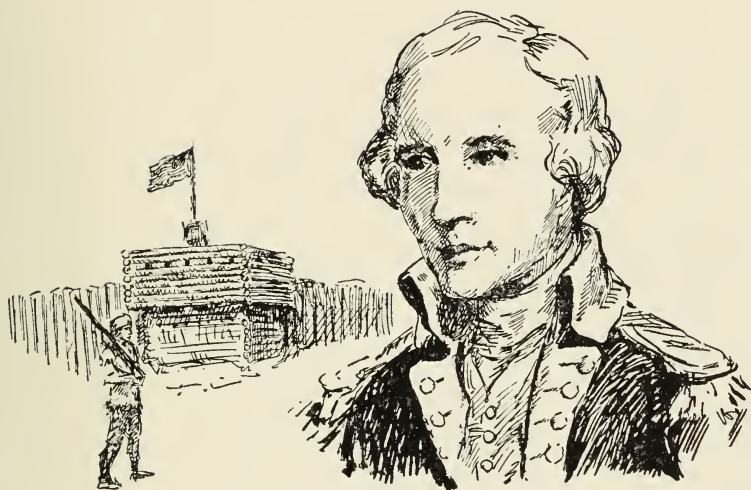
"We went down to old Fort Chartres, last summer," said Howard at this point.

"Yes," said his Uncle. "It is one of the most interesting of our colonial landmarks. The State has made a Park of it, and is preserving parts of the old walls."

"The old powder magazine is still there, and bits of the old ruins," added Howard. "I just wish I'd known more about it then. I'm going again!"

"So am I," put in Edna. "And wasn't there another old fort down in the southern border of the State?"

"Yes, I am glad you brought it up. Away back in 1711, the French had built a small fort and mission on the Ohio River, about forty miles up from the Mississippi near the mouth of the Tennessee. It met a tragic fate, as its first garrison was decoyed



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

by savages over into Kentucky, and massacred. The fort was then burned. Some years later it was rebuilt, and called Fort Massacre. This in later years became shortened to Fort Massac. Its site is also a State Park to-day, but the fort has long since vanished. Fort Massac figures in a gallant expedition that I am going to tell you about to-night. But first I must tell you what led up to it.

“With the outbreak of the Revolution, the scattered settlements west of the Alleghenies, in what is now Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Illinois, suffered a great deal from Indian raids. The French had no hand in it, as they were now at peace with the English; but the English officers armed and equipped countless bands of savages who made war on the

frontier. Down in Kentucky the gallant Daniel Boone was having his troubles. The little settlement of Boonesborough was encircled by Indians, and so constant were their attacks that no corn could be cultivated outside the stockade, and their livestock were driven off. The garrison ran short of food, and when their hunters, led by Boone, went out after meat, they were surprised and captured by a greatly superior force of Indians, all well armed with English guns, and wearing English blankets. These supplies were obtained from the old French posts of Detroit, Vincennes, and Kaskaskia, which formed a sort of barrier against all the Americans in the Northwest.

"One man of vision and courage saw this, and realized that the British hold on all this vast stretch of country could only be loosened by the capture of these forts. That man was George Rogers Clark, a Virginian by birth, but a man whose name will always be linked with our own State, and the Northwest. Clark was then a young man, only twenty-five, but had already risen to be a colonel in the Colonial troops. He now went to the Governor of Virginia to ask men and money for an expedition into the West. The Governor, Patrick Henry——"

"'Give me liberty or death!'" murmured Howard.

"The same," said Uncle John, smiling. "Governor Henry saw at once the importance of the scheme, and lost no time in consulting with Thomas Jef-

ferson and other patriots. The Virginia legislature granted Clark some money, guns and ammunition, but specified that he must recruit his forces from the frontier, as they needed all the Virginia troops to help Washington at home. As an inducement to his men, Clark was told that each one of them would be granted three hundred acres of land—provided they could take it away from King George!

“The plan and purpose of the expedition were kept a secret, even from the men who enlisted with Clark. He merely told them, at first, that they were



DOWN THE CURRENT SWIRLED THE FOUR CLUMSY FLATBOATS

going to rescue Boone, and defend the Kentucky borders. This was to prevent any news from leaking out to the enemy through spies. The little expedition was finally assembled at Fort Pitt, and went by boat down the Ohio River to Corn Island, opposite the site of Louisville. This island was thickly wooded and at the falls of the river. The current was swift, and the island was, therefore, not easily reached or surprised. Here Clark made his final plans, and at last took his men into his confidence. He had sent scouts ahead of him, such as Simon Kenton, who got a few recruits and reported on the prospects ahead. They said that Kaskaskia did not have a large force, and could be easily surprised, if a swift and secret attack was made.

“As soon as Clark told his men the real object of the expedition, some of them refused to continue. They said it was foolhardy to try to take British forts with a handful of men, while the woods swarmed with savages. A few deserted, so that the whole force when ready to make the final dash numbered only about one hundred and fifty men. They had four flatboats to convey them further downstream, and the two scouts, Simon Kenton and John Haggin, were chosen to lead the way, as they were familiar with the country. Each frontiersman had a rifle, a knife, and a hatchet, also a powder-horn, blanket, and a kit with dried corn or venison. It was midsummer, of 1778, and scouts

were sent ahead to warn of lurking savages and get game. The little army was literally living from hand to mouth.

“Old Fort Massac had been decided upon as the end of the journey by water, and they lost no time in embarking. Clark knew that to leave the river at that point meant a long overland march, but he did not dare approach nearer to Kaskaskia in so open a manner.

“Down the current swirled the four clumsy flat-boats, tossed about like chips in places, and threatening to pile up on jutting rocks. But stout and skillful arms manned the oars, and soon quieter waters were reached. Fort Massac was reached without mishap. It presented a desolate appearance, even on that bright Summer day. Only a few logs remained in place in the stockade, and there were a half-dozen tumbledown huts. But Clark did not intend to stop here; he must press on, before any lurking Indians should get wind of his real intentions and spread the alarm.

“He had given orders for his advance scouts to join him here, and they came in that evening, with word that all was quiet. The other men were highly delighted, also, to see that every scout was loaded down with turkeys and other game. They had a royal feast there on the banks of the Ohio. The next morning their boats were taken out into the river and sunk. This was their leader’s way of ‘burning his bridges behind him.’ Their road led forward

and not back—straight ahead into the wilderness.

“Between them and Kaskaskia lay some one hundred and twenty miles of wild country, marked by the faintest of trails. It required keen-eyed scouts indeed to lead the way. The little army, however, traveled lightly and were able to make twenty miles a day. They had no horses, no wagons, no baggage except the barest necessities such as each man carried. But they were a picked lot of sturdy, self-reliant men for whom such a forced march held no terrors.

“On the third day, the veteran scout who led the way turned around with troubled face. ‘Thar ought to be an Injen trail somers round hyar, but I can’t seem to locate it,’ he confessed. At once murmurs came from the men behind him. ‘He’s a spy!’ they said; ‘He’s leading us astray. Shoot him!’

“But Clark was master of the situation. ‘Talk is cheap,’ he said, while his keen blue eyes looked up and down the line. ‘Give him time, and if he goes wrong, he’s *my* meat!’ And his eye glanced significantly down on his long rifle. It was the rough talk of the frontier that all could understand. The mutterings ceased, and after some search the trail was found.

“On the evening of the 4th of July—our glorious 4th—the patriot army halted only three miles away from the unsuspecting fort. It was on the opposite side of the river, but a farmer whom they surprised

proved to be friendly and more than willing to take them across the stream in his boat and show them a path into the settlement.

“‘It won’t be hard to get in,’ he told Colonel Clark. ‘The fort’s in charge of a French officer, De Rocheblave, who has only a small force. Most of the regulars from round here have been sent back East to fight. De Rocheblave has been asking for more men, but he hasn’t got ’em. The British will be a surprised outfit at this attack: they never thought to see the day when an American force got this far west!’

“The farmer proved to be telling the truth. After



EVERY SCOUT LOADED DOWN WITH GAME

it had grown dark, the boat made several trips back and forth across the small river, and soon had the men in line just outside the stockade. What was their delight to find that the big gate was wide open! The garrison felt so secure that they had not even taken the trouble to close it. Very quietly Clark led his men in, and posted them completely around the houses of the little settlement. The fort itself was protected by an inner stockade, and thither he went with a small picked body of men. Each man followed in the other's steps, Indian file, and walked like cats, so that not so much as a loose pebble should betray them. A light shone through the open door, and as they neared it, the scraping of a fiddle was heard. A dance was in progress.

"Clark and his men crept up, keeping out of the shaft of light by going around to the rear of the inner stockade and climbing through a loose spot in the pickets. Then Clark did an audacious thing. He stepped into the doorway, and stood with folded arms looking at the assembly. At first he passed unnoticed; then a terrific whoop from a keen-eyed Indian, who saw his American uniform of buff and blue, caused every eye to be riveted on his alert form. The women uttered little shrieks, while the men sprang for their weapons. Colonel Clark raised his hand.

" 'The place is surrounded by American troops,' he said quietly. 'Do not attempt to resist. On with the dance—but remember, you are dancing in honor

of Virginia and the Continental Congress, and not for King George!

"Thus was Kaskaskia captured without the firing of a shot. The English, French, and Indians, having no idea of the size of the opposing force, were led into the parade ground and disarmed. De Rocheblave, the commander, was in bed, and was a much astonished officer when he learned that his fort was captured and himself a prisoner. The people were huddled in their homes, and told they would not be molested if they kept the peace. Nevertheless, it was a terrified town that greeted the next morrow's sun. Most of them were French settlers, and the British, in order to keep their hold upon them, had filled their ears full of terrible tales concerning the brutality and savagery of the 'Long Knives,' as the Americans were called. It was said that they killed just for the love of killing; and that their favorite sport was to cut off ears and slit noses.

"A group of men headed by the priest waited upon Colonel Clark, as soon as he was abroad, and held out their hands in supplication. 'Spare our lives, great Chief of the Long Knives!' they said. 'We will work for you, but do not separate our families, or injure our women and children!'

" 'Who speaks of injury or killing?' asked Clark, his eyes flashing. 'Americans are not savages. We have merely come to set you free from the British yoke. Henceforth we are all freemen and brothers.'

"The settlers could hardly believe their ears,

especially when they saw most of the men under guard, or in chains. But they were told that these also would be set at liberty as soon as details of taking over the town were effected. Another source of amazement was the small size of the invading force; the villagers could not believe but that a much larger force lay somewhere just outside.

"As soon as they were convinced that no harm was intended them, and that they could keep their homes, and worship as before in their little chapel, their joy knew no bounds. *Te Deums* were sung and the Americans were showered with little gifts. And in this signal fashion, the British flag was hauled down from this important Western post, never to fly there again."

Uncle John paused and lighted his faithful pipe. In the silence he was not surprised to hear a deep sigh from his young nephew.

"Seems like a lot of things happened round here, that some of us missed!" that person said.

CHAPTER VII

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

I WISH I had time to tell you," continued Uncle John on the next evening, "of the various adventures of George Rogers Clark. But our stay here at camp is almost over, and before we go back home I want to finish this tale of early days. With the help of the French, Clark seized both Cahokia and Vincennes.¹ His chief difficulty was in making allies of the Indians. We can understand their suspicion and hesitancy. First had come the French, then the British, and now these Long Knives whom they had been taught all their lives to hate.

"But fortunately Colonel Clark knew the Indians and how to handle them. He called them together in a great council in Cahokia, and there, instead of seeming eager to win their friendship, he made them make all the advances. 'I come to bring you peace and security,' he told them, 'but you must prove yourselves worthy of it. What have you to say?'

"The powwow lasted all day, Clark purposely maintaining a distant and reserved manner. Then a dramatic thing occurred, which I must stop to tell

¹ See "Indiana, a Romantic Story for Young People," in this series.

you about. One of the jealous chiefs tried to kill Colonel Clark during the night, but was surprised and captured. The next day the savage was brought before the commander, tied with thongs. Clark drew out his long knife, but instead of killing the chief he cut his bonds and set him free. 'Go!' he said with contempt in his voice. 'We come to you as men; we do not make war on squaws!' That cut the Indian pride to the quick. They held further council, and presented him with the calumet, or peace pipe. With a sweep of his knife he cut this also in two, and the pieces fell at the feet of the dismayed savages. This must be a great chief, indeed, they thought; and they pleaded with him to smoke the pipe of peace with them, and conclude a treaty. This, after some further harangue, was done, and for some years the Indians gave no further trouble.

"When Patrick Henry and the Virginia legislature heard of Clark's brilliant success, they gave him a vote of thanks, and made of the Illinois country a county of Virginia. In some of the early maps you will see Virginia extending clear across the mountains and plains as far as the Mississippi River. This was because of the conquest by Clark. They made him the captain of militia for the country, and appointed a Colonel John Todd to act as lieutenant governor.

"But the other Eastern States were jealous of this claim of Virginia to so vast a tract of territory. New York claimed some of it, by virtue of a treaty with



"Go!" HE SAID, WITH CONTEMPT IN HIS VOICE

[See page 98]

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

the Iroquois; and both Massachusetts and Connecticut extended their maps far to the west to take in strips of land. At the end of the Revolution the whole question of ownership was badly tangled, and the Federal Government of the new United States urged the separate States to abandon their claims to the western country. After some debate this was agreed to, and at the end of 1783 Virginia ceded her lands to the Union, on condition that the expenses of the Clark expedition be repaid, that the titles of land to the settlers be confirmed, and 150,000 acres of land given to Clark and his men. This was done.

“Four years later our national Congress created the ‘Northwest Territory’ of all the country now embraced by half a dozen States, including Illinois. By the Enabling Act of 1787, known as the Northwest Ordinance, the President was empowered to appoint a governor and three judges to serve until there were at least five thousand white men in the Territory, when an assembly could be chosen by vote of the people. The Ordinance also guaranteed freedom of every sort to every law-abiding person, including the rights to hold land and to worship God as he wished. It further prohibited the holding of slaves. Daniel Webster said of this wise and foreseeing law: ‘I doubt whether one single law, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct and lasting character.’

“Our first President, Washington, appointed General Arthur St. Clair as territorial governor,

and the latter made his first visit to Illinois in 1790. He found the country very unsettled as to government. In the frequent disputes and changes, every man had become almost a law unto himself. The southern part was organized into a county called in his honor, St. Clair County, with Cahokia as the county seat. A court was established, but it was found difficult to get officers or jury for it, as not one man in fifty could read or write. Please don't forget that, up to this time, there had been no schools of any sort, except for a little teaching in the missions."

"What a glorious country!" came a voice from the other side of the campfire. Howard was just recalling the fact that his own school began in the next four days.

There was a general laugh at this, but Uncle John went on:

"I don't know whether you will think it a glorious country or not, when you hear about events of the years that followed; for they were years of hardship and danger to the settlers. As soon as the Northwest Territory was thrown open, more and more adventurous men began to come over the Alleghenies and down the Ohio River, bringing their families with them, and taking up claims. The Indians grew exceedingly restless as they saw more and more of their favorite hunting grounds being cut up into farms. Some of the tribes, such as the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies, had always been troublesome, and

Now they incited others to join them and drive the paleface out of the country. A guerilla warfare was begun, in which the savages in small bands began attacking outlying cabins and even settlements.

"It was a dark and perilous time indeed for the new country. The settlers found that if they could till their lands at all, one man had to be kept constantly on watch, while all the others kept their guns in easy reach. For further protection, they built block-houses—sometimes one at a corner where three or four farms touched each other—sometimes two or three houses close together. They were built of logs with the cracks well chinked, and with heavily barred windows and doors, and loopholes for muskets. A larger house was of two stories, with the upper story projecting out over the lower and with loopholes in its floor, so that when the defenders had to retreat upstairs they could fire down upon anyone trying to break into the lower part.

"Sometimes a good-sized clearing would be completely guarded by a high fence, or palisade, the tops of the timbers being well sharpened. The block-houses would then be built at the four corners, and a keen lookout kept, to prevent the Indians from creeping up and using the fence as a screen for their own attack. But farming under such conditions was both difficult and dangerous. The Indians grew bolder and bolder, until by the year 1790 it was said, in a report to Congress, that fifteen hundred white

men, women, and children had been killed or carried into captivity.

"Of course, these figures, while large, included a much greater section of the country than Illinois alone. General St. Clair, who was a veteran of the Revolution, tried to put a stop to these depredations by an open campaign against the Indians. But he was getting old and infirm, and besides had never proved a popular commander. He recruited an army of about two thousand, but sickness and desertion reduced the number considerably. Although he himself was suffering from gout, he bravely went into the field, in the Fall of 1791, against Little Turtle, a warrior who had won a victory over the Americans in Indiana, the year before.

"By the 4th of November, St. Clair had marched as far as a small stream which flowed into the Wabash, without encountering serious opposition. He encamped for the night, and posted pickets. But in the early dawn a shot of alarm was fired by some sentry, followed immediately from all sides by scattered shots. Little Turtle had surrounded the camp, and was pouring a deadly fire in upon the half-roused men, from every tree and thicket. The fight became a complete rout for the Americans—as bad as the famous defeat of the British general, Braddock. It is said that six hundred were killed or wounded. The Indians pursued the retreating Americans about four miles, and the remnant of the

old General's army reached Fort Jefferson by night-fall, about twenty-nine miles away.

"The overwhelming victory on the part of the Indians made them all the more to be dreaded. The whole country was in terror. President Washington saw that the Indian question must be settled once for all. He sent commissioners to treat with them, and to promise to buy all lands claimed by the Indians. The Indians retorted that they owned *all* the lands north of the Ohio River, and that these must be left for open hunting grounds forever. The white men must give up all claims to this land, or fight.



ONE MAN HAD TO KEEP CONSTANTLY ON WATCH

“The answer to this defiance was the appointment of ‘Mad Anthony’ Wayne, to head the white forces. He marched into the Indian country and built a fort on the spot where St. Clair had been defeated, which was called ‘Fort Recovery.’ Here, on June 30, 1794, he was attacked by Little Turtle with a large force of warriors, some fifteen hundred, it is said; but this time the Americans were ready for them. The fight lasted for two days without decisive result, then the Indians withdrew. The next month General Wayne received a large reinforcement of volunteers from Kentucky, and decided to march out to meet the redskins. A pitched battle was fought and the Indians were defeated and scattered. General Wayne followed up his advantage by burning villages and cornfields on both sides of the Miami for fifty miles. The Indians seeing themselves in danger of starvation sued for peace, which was concluded by a formal treaty at Greenville, in August, 1795. This treaty the Indians faithfully observed until 1811.

“While most of this Indian war had been fought outside the borders of Illinois, its outcome was of the highest importance to all. Peace having been established, other settlers came joyfully into the country. The prairies lent themselves to easy cultivation, as there were few trees to be cleared away. Great farms began to spring up on every side, and many a little village grew up around the crossroads store. By the close of the century the new country

had more than the required number of voters—five thousand—and held its first general election.

“Congress soon saw, however, that the Northwest Territory was too great to be governed well by one assembly. So in May, 1800, an act was passed dividing it into two parts, the western part being called ‘Indiana’ from the Indians, and including what is now Illinois, Indiana, part of Michigan, and the land to the west in Wisconsin and Minnesota. The capital was Vincennes, and the first territorial governor was General William Henry Harrison.”

“Was that the general called ‘Tippecanoe’, who was afterwards elected President?” asked Edna.

“The same, although his story belongs rather to Indiana, than to Illinois,” answered Uncle John. “He tried to keep peace with the Indians, and made so many treaties with them, that he was called ‘the great treaty maker.’ But so many of the Indians sold their lands through treaty, that other tribes once more grew restless. Another great leader arose in Tecumseh, and in 1811 open war broke out. General Harrison raised an army, marched against them, and won a great victory at ‘Tippecanoe.’¹ This marked the end of the struggle for the redmen. Henceforth they realized that they must seek their hunting grounds further to the west. A stronger race had come in to stay. But in Illinois a final body chapter was to be written in our story—as you shall see.”

¹ See “Indiana, a Romantic Story for Young People,” in this series.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE

AND now we come to one story of our State I do not like to tell," declared Uncle John, the next day when the campfire sessions were resumed. "But it is necessary to tell it, both in order to show you some of the perils of pioneer life, and also because it is connected with the early days of our greatest Western city, Chicago.

"In the first years of settlement that we have been talking about this week, there was no town of this name at the foot of the Chicago River. The name, Chicago, is Indian and was borne by a long line of chiefs. The mouth of this stream, which led inland and by portage to the Illinois, had from earliest times been a favorite trading spot for the French and the Indians, and when the English came in control they at once saw its strategic value. But it first takes its place definitely on our map, at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, after General Wayne had given the Indiana redskins a drubbing. By this treaty the Pottawatomies ceded to us a tract six square miles in extent, lying at the mouth of the Chicago River.

"The next official mention, I think, occurs in a military order signed by General Dearborn, who was the Secretary of War in President Jefferson's cabinet. He ordered a company of soldiers to proceed west to this spot and build a fort. This was done, and the new stronghold was called, in his honor, Fort Dearborn. The stars and stripes first flew from its ramparts in the year 1804. That is one of Chicago's birthdays.

"The fort itself was a small affair—merely a blockhouse or two, with a tight little parade ground, and the whole surrounded by a palisade. The garrison, as I have said, consisted of a single company of about fifty. On the outside of the fort a few houses were built by traders and settlers.

"Such was the state of things here at the outbreak of the War of 1812 with England. This war, while fought mostly on the sea and in the East, yet had its dire echoes out in the wilderness. The American forces in New England had tried to invade Canada and failed. The British, on their part, captured the fort at Detroit and thus controlled the Great Lakes region. They supplied the Indians with firearms and whisky—a dangerous combination—and once more the northern tribes menaced every white family in the country.

"As for Fort Dearborn, it lay open for attack by land or water and could not be reinforced by the Americans; so General Hull, who was then in charge of the Northwest army, sent orders to Cap-

tain Nathan Heald, the commander of the little garrison, to evacuate the fort and distribute its supplies, such as he would not need on the march to Fort Wayne, among the friendly Indians. This order was carried by Winnemeg or Catfish, a friendly Pottawatomie, who advised him to disregard the order.

“‘Your fort is strong enough to hold out against an attack or a siege,’ he said; ‘and a retreat would be full of peril. And if you should give your goods away to the Indians, they would say it was a sign of weakness.’

“‘I do not think so,’ replied the Captain. ‘By so doing we will obtain their good will, and be allowed to proceed to Fort Wayne in safety.’

“But the wise Indian shook his head. ‘If you must go,’ he said, ‘go at once. Do not wait to advise the Indians, or to try to buy them with gifts.’

“Captain Heald, however, chose to disregard this good advice, even though seconded by his junior officers, who did not trust the Indians. He called a council of the neighboring tribes, and told them he would leave the fort in their hands, and furnish them with supplies, if they would give him an escort of warriors. The wily savages put their heads together, and told him his words sounded good. The council was held on the 12th day of August, 1812. Two days later, when the goods were distributed, the Indians, instead of showing satisfaction, were surly and angry because their gifts were only

calico, paint, and other wares of this nature; and no guns, ammunition, or 'fire water.' So threatening did they become that plans were made to march out of the fort on the morrow. Their plans were further hastened by the arrival of Captain Wells with fifteen friendly Miamis, who had come to escort them to Fort Wayne. When he saw the Indians already rioting among the stores, he knew that every moment of delay was dangerous.

"As we look back at it now," said Uncle John, pausing in his story, "the whole proceeding seems foolish. The garrison not only left a well-protected fort, but did it in such a way as to invite attack. Though, of course, it is easy to judge a thing by its after events.

"The fatal morning of the 15th dawned clear and bright. Outwardly all was at peace. The rays of the morning sun danced merrily on the placid waters of the lake. The Indians had quit their grumbling, and brought to the gates of the fort a band of five hundred warriors to march with them on their retreat. At nine o'clock the gates were thrown open, and with flags flying and bugles blowing the soldiers and their families set out on the march. In their advance guard were the Miamis and their leader, Captain Wells, who had his face blackened like their own. Behind them came the garrison with loaded arms, and a few wagons with the sick and the women and children. In their rear came the treacherous Pottawatomies.

"They took the route down the shore of the lake, and had not gone two miles when the redskins began to circle round them. Seeing this, Captain Wells came back exclaiming: 'They are about to attack us; form instantly and charge them!' At once Captain Heald put his men in battle array, but the Indians began firing on every side. They were attacking from behind some sand dunes, so that the soldiers were almost helpless. Worse still, an attack was made upon the women and children. Within half an hour, two-thirds of that band of ninety-three white persons were killed or wounded, and the rest made prisoners. Wells was killed, and Heald wounded and made captive."

No sound came from his auditors, as Uncle John again paused, except a little sigh from Edna. Then her Uncle drew from his pocket his faithful notebook, and opened it.

"I ran across a story of one of the survivors, Mrs. Helm, wife of a lieutenant, which is very graphic," he said. "Here are bits of it: 'Our horses pranced and bounded, and could hardly be restrained, as the balls whistled around them. I drew off a little and gazed on my husband and father, who were yet unharmed. I felt that my hour was come, and endeavored to forget those I loved, and prepare for my approaching fate. While I was thus engaged, the surgeon, Dr. Voorhees, came up, badly wounded. His horse had been shot under him, and he had received a ball in the leg, and every muscle of his



THE MEN UNITED TO ROLL THE LOGS IN PLACE

[See page 120]

countenance was quivering with agony. "Oh, I cannot die, I am not fit to die!" he exclaimed. "If I had but a short time to prepare—death is awful!" I pointed to Ensign Rowan who, though mortally wounded and nearly down, was still desperately fighting with an Indian, on one knee. "Look at that man," said I; "at least he dies like a soldier!"

"At this moment a young Indian raised his tomahawk at me. By springing aside I avoided the blow, which was aimed at my skull, but which descended on my shoulder. I seized him around the neck, and while exerting my utmost efforts to get possession of his scalping knife, which hung in a scabbard over his breast, I was dragged from his grasp by another and older Indian. The latter bore me struggling and resisting to the lake. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was hurried along, I recognized as I passed them the lifeless remains of the unfortunate surgeon. Some murderous tomahawk had stretched him upon the very spot where I had last seen him.'

"The Indian who had captured Mrs. Helm," resumed Uncle John, "dragged her into the water, and she supposed her last moments had come—that it was his intention to drown her. But what was her amazement, on looking up, to recognize despite his war paint a former friend, the chief Black Partridge. Now he proved himself still her friend. He kept her head above water and when the firing had ceased carried her back to shore unharmed. Later the

Indians who held her captive showed her other unexpected kindnesses, and she was overjoyed to learn that both her father and her husband had escaped with their lives.

“Captain Heald tried to retrieve his fatal blunder by fighting with the greatest courage. He was wounded twice, before being overpowered by a dozen savages. Mrs. Heald, his wife, also fought like a true soldier’s wife. She was wounded seven times, but not fatally. The horse she rode was a beautiful animal, and the Indians did not want to injure it; so they shot at the rider. As she finally toppled from the saddle, a redskin tore off her bonnet and tried to scalp her. But his arm was arrested by that of another friendly Indian, who had known the family in the days of peace, and after much parley her life was spared on promise of a ransom.

“In the course of years, a city sprang up on the site of old Fort Dearborn, and as it grew along the borders of the lake, it took in also the sands washed by the blood of the victims of this massacre. To-day a monument marks the spot—a story in stone showing the rescue of Mrs. Helm by Black Partridge from the tomahawk of the murderous savage.”

CHAPTER IX

THE DAWN OF STATEHOOD

IT was the last evening in camp. Edna and Howard had just come in from a sunset canoe trip, by way of farewell to their Summer. In the morning they would pack their belongings in the car, and with the faithful canoe lashed across the top, hie themselves back to civilization. Now as they sat around the fire, it was with a feeling of regret that none tried to conceal.

"One more story, Uncle John," pleaded Edna. "I have the doldrums to-night; and besides we don't want to leave off with that dreadful massacre!"

"Same here," echoed Howard; "let's get the redskins out of the country, anyhow, before we go home!"

"Good idea," agreed their Uncle. "I have just time to do that and to tell you what happened before Illinois put her star on the flag of the Union, as a State. It comprises only half a dozen years from the time we left off describing, but they were years of very great importance. The year 1812 saw this country still overrun with lawless tribes of Indians; the year 1818 saw it a State.

"During the remaining months of the war with England, things looked very dark indeed. The massacre at Fort Dearborn was not the only bloody attack on the part of the savages, although it was the largest. To protect themselves, a body of mounted militia was organized, called the Rangers, and a chain of blockhouse forts was built for sixty miles, from the Kaskaskia to the Mississippi. These men knew the Indians' method of fighting, and met them on their own ground. Battles were fought at Prairie du Chien, Rock Island, Peoria, and near Vandalia before the end of hostilities. Many an exciting tale is told of brushes with the Indians, sometimes by single families, and again by larger forces. But we have not time to dwell longer on that troublous time now.

"With the dawn of peace, in 1815, brighter times came. The turbulent tribes, left without their English allies, retreated across the Mississippi. Others made their peace and, except for petty inroads, behaved pretty well as a whole. Meanwhile, settlers began coming rapidly to live here. Some had been Rangers, who first got acquainted with the land while patrolling it. Others came across country from Virginia, Kentucky, and North Carolina. They were a sturdy and self-reliant stock."

"Tell us something about the way they lived," asked Edna.

"If you could have seen a group of these folks

moving in, you might have thought them a rough-looking lot," replied Uncle John. "And yet that wasn't so far back—only a little over a century ago. It would have been hard to tell some of the men from their Indian neighbors. Living out in the open with them, the men had copied Indian ways and dress. They wore buckskin trousers with fringed leggings, loose hunting shirt also possibly fringed, a fur cap with the tail of the animal hanging down behind, moccasins, and a belt which held a long knife and perhaps a tomahawk. A long rifle which the pioneer could shoot with deadly accuracy com-



BATTLES WERE FOUGHT AT PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

pleted the outfit while on the trail. The women and girls wore homespun clothes and bonnets.

"The settlers came overland by wagons with covered tops, drawn by horses or oxen. When they reached a spot which suited them, the family would live in the wagon until a log cabin could be built. Two or more families would help each other in making a home—the men uniting to roll the logs up into place. No nails whatever were used. The logs were held in place with notches and wooden pins, and the cracks stopped with mud. Even the doors—hinges, latch and all—would be made of wood. Inside the furnishings were of the barest. A big hearth and chimney at one end served the double purpose of warmth and cooking. A home-made table and stools, fashioned from split logs with peg legs, were about all the furniture. A pile of evergreen boughs in the corner, piled with furs and skins, was the bed.

"There was lots of hard work for everybody. The land had to be cleared, plowed, and planted. Rails had to be split for fences. Only a few years later, a lank young fellow named Abe Lincoln became known all over the nation as a great 'rail splitter.' Everything that the family wore they must make; and everything they ate they had to get unaided. Fortunately, Illinois had always been a great game country, and there was little danger of starving. Until their land began to produce, the men were more hunters than farmers—like the Indians.

"The first pioneers—those that came in before the year 1800—were backwoodsmen, rough and ready. They knew how to fight, and how to hunt, but cared little for tilling the soil, or for building towns. In fact, they got nervous if another man built within twenty miles of them. They did not like to be 'crowded!' Like the Indians, they wanted the country kept open for a hunting ground. Most of them did not know one letter from another. But with the arrival of settlers from the Atlantic States, a better element crept in. They were God-fearing folk who wanted schools and churches, and who looked forward to a community life. So they went to the river towns, where travel back and forth was easier than in the great open spaces, and for a long time did not occupy the prairie. The first towns, you will find, were on the rivers.

"After a while, immigrants from Ireland and England began to make their way into the new country. They were thrifty, industrious, and law-abiding, and made good citizens. After 1815, the Germans also came in, and were no less successful as good colonizers. Log schoolhouses began to appear here and there; and the circuit rider, or traveling preacher, went from hamlet to hamlet, often preaching in three or four places on a single Sunday.

"To this time, which we may call the dawn of Statehood, belong the first church buildings, the first mail route across from Vincennes to Kaskaskia,

the first newspaper, *The Illinois Herald*, published in Kaskaskia about 1814, and last but not least the first steamboat, in 1817. With the use of steam to propel boats, then still in its infancy, the great river from the Gulf and New Orleans north to St. Louis, began to be traveled regularly. This meant an exchange of the products of the farm and the wilderness for many luxuries—cotton, wool, silk, sugar, coffee, tea, and many other desirable things.

"In the year 1809, Illinois had been cut away from Indiana Territory, by an act of Congress, and made a separate Territory. The capital was Kaskaskia, and President Madison appointed Ninian Edwards the first governor. But with the rapid growth of the country, the people became clamorous for Statehood. In 1818 they claimed a population of 40,000, and it is said that they counted every stray hunter who crossed the river. At any rate, they sent a petition to Congress, who let down the bars a bit as to the number required, and in April of that year an Enabling Act was passed. On December 3, 1818, Illinois was formally admitted into the Union. Meanwhile, a constitutional convention had met in Kaskaskia, and ratified a constitution, August 26.

"Nothing remained except to choose officers and set up the State machinery. The first governor to be elected by popular vote was Shadrach Bond. And it is interesting to note that his assistant, or lieutenant-governor, was of the old French stock, one who could hardly speak a word of English, Pierre

Menard. This, it seems to me, was a fitting recognition of the great part the French had played in the first settlement of the country. A few months later, Vandalia was chosen as the site of the capital, and remained the seat of government for seventeen years, until a young lawyer Abraham Lincoln, with others, persuaded the legislature to remove (in 1837) to the more central town of Springfield.

"And so with Illinois as a State we bring our story to a close."

Uncle John stopped and looked thoughtfully into the fire. The last ember was glowing brightly, and its ruddy glare reflected into each face. Howard was the first to break the silence, after drawing a long breath.

"Seems just like we had been on a voyage of discovery," he said. "We came here with the woods full of Indians, and watched the Frenchmen paddle down the river. Then we watched the other fellows fight it out to decide who was to own the land; and now we are in an honest-to-goodness State. I'm glad I live in Illinois!"

"That's just what I was thinking," said Edna, with shining eyes.

ILLINOIS

By thy rivers gently flowing,
 Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies, verdant growing,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling through the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these,
 Illinois, Illinois,
And its mellow tones are these,
 Illinois, Illinois.

O'er wilderness of prairies,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Straight thy way and never varies,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Till upon the inland sea
Stands Chicago great and free,
Turning all the world to thee,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Turning all the world to thee,
 Illinois, Illinois.

When you heard your country calling,
 Illinois, Illinois,
When the shot and shell were falling,
 Illinois, Illinois,
When the Southern host withdrew,
Pitting Gray against the Blue,

There were none more brave than you,
Illinois, Illinois,
There were none more brave than you,
Illinois, Illinois.

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the Nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois,
On the record of the years
Abra'm Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois.¹

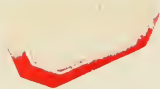
MILESTONES

- 1608. Quebec founded by Champlain.
- 1665. Allouez founded first white settlement on Lake Superior.
- 1673. Marquette and Joliet explore the Mississippi and found first mission.
- 1679. La Salle reaches Illinois, and builds Fort Crevecœur.
- 1682. La Salle discovers the mouth of the Mississippi.
- 1700. Kaskaskia founded.
- 1717. The Company of the West takes control.
- 1718. Fort Chartres built.
- 1754. The French and Indian War begins.
- 1763. Illinois ceded to the English.
- 1772. Fort Chartres abandoned.
- 1778. George Rogers Clark takes Kaskaskia.
- 1783. Virginia cedes Illinois to the United States.
- 1787. The Northwest Territory organized.
- 1800. Illinois becomes a part of Indiana Territory.
- 1804. Fort Dearborn built.
- 1809. Illinois made a Territory.
- 1812. The Fort Dearborn Massacre.
- 1814. The first newspaper established.
- 1817. The first steamboat reaches St. Louis.
- 1818. Illinois reaches Statehood.

LATER EVENTS

- 1832. The Black Hawk War.
- 1837. Springfield made the capital.
- 1839. The first railroad reaches Illinois.

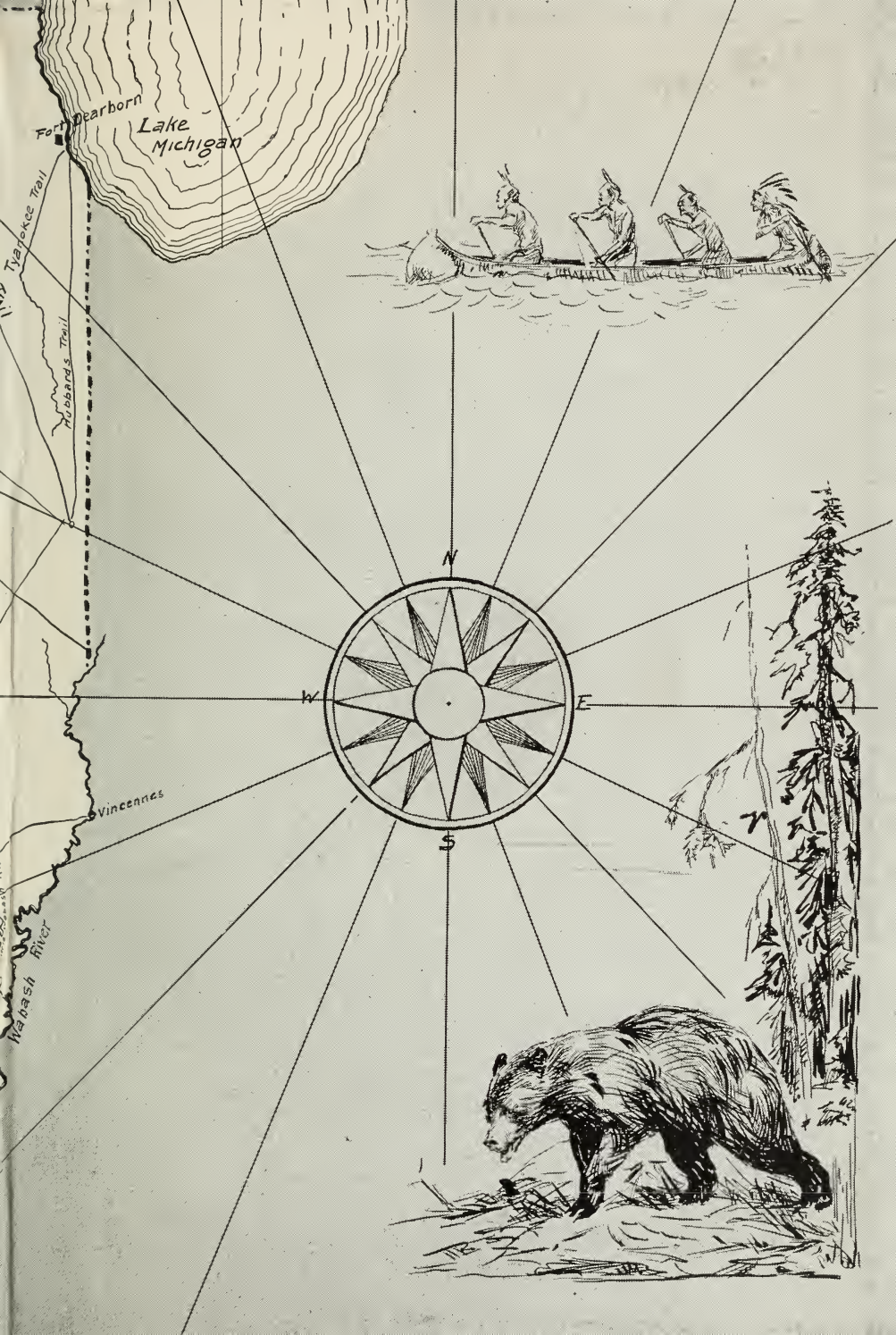
- 1844. Persecution of the Mormons.
 - 1848. New State Constitution adopted.
 - 1858. The Lincoln-Douglas debates.
 - 1860. Lincoln nominated for President, in Chicago.
 - 1867. Beginnings of the University of Illinois.
 - 1870. Present State Constitution adopted.
 - 1871. The great Chicago fire.
 - 1886. The Haymarket riots.
 - 1891. University of Chicago opens its doors.
 - 1893. The World's Columbian Exposition, at Chicago.
 - 1900. Opening of the Chicago Drainage Canal.
 - 1910. Census shows a population of 5,638,591.
 - 1920. Census shows a population of 6,485,280.
- Illinois ranks third in population, among States.
Chicago the second largest city.





ILLINOIS

OLD FORTS, TRAILS and
SETTLEMENTS.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

977.3M241
ILLINOIS NY

C001



3 0112 025381572